

Y OF CONGREGATIONAL
CIVIL LIBERTIES

OCTOBER

1875

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



No. 10

T. S. ARTHUR & SON
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. III

TERMS: \$2.50 a Year, in Advance.

CONTENTS—OCTOBER, 1875.

FRONTISPICE.

Haydn's First Singing Lesson.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

"Old Mortality." (Illustrated).....	580
Mexico and its Pyramids. By C.....	582
What the Winds Brought. By Carrie W. Thompson.....	582
Sketches of Ireland. By Marion Knight. (Illustrated).....	583
Fifty Years Ago; or, The Cabins of the West. By Rosella Rice.....	586
Faces. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey. (Illustrated).....	588
Seaward. By Katharine H. Greene.....	591
Her Hands. By S. J. D.....	591

THE STORY-TELLER.

Ralph Wallingford's Affinity. By Susan B. Long.....	592
From a Wife's History. By Isadore Rogers.....	597
Farmer Brill's New Pleasure. By T. S. Arthur.....	602
Hallie's Hair. By Madge Carroll.....	604
Deborah Norman: Her Work and her Reward. By T. S. Arthur, Chapters xxxiii., xxxiv.....	607

HOME-LIFE AND CHARACTER.

The Deacon's Household. By Pipsissaway Fotts.....	611
The Adornment of our Homes. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey.....	617

RELIGIOUS READING.

The Peace of God. By the late Canon Kingsley.....	618
Self-Renunciation. By Lois Laurie.....	619

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

"Walt a Wee." By Edith W. Kent.....	619
Little Harry. By May Haines.....	621

THE HOME CIRCLE.

My Girls and I. By Chatty Brooks.....	622
Fugitive Thoughts.....	623
Letter from Erie.....	624
Letter from Faith.....	624
The Old Kitchen Chair.....	624
A Word about Canaries.....	625

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

Joseph Haydn.....	625
The Lily of the Valley, The Dewdrops and the Snow.....	625

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

The Eternal Goodness. By J. G. Whittier.....	626
Gleaners. By M. R. Sunedley.....	627
The Meadow. By Anna Boynton.....	627

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

A Talk with Mothers about Pure Air. By Gladys Waynes.....	627
Care of the Sick.....	628

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. Beeton's Hints on Kitchen Economy.....	629
Recipes.....	629

FASHION DEPARTMENT.

Fashions for October.....	630
---------------------------	-----

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

Progress at the Centennial Grounds.....	630
The Grave of Dickens.....	631
Answers to Correspondents.....	631

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

.....	632
-------	-----

The Prettiest Household Journals in the U. S.

Perfect Gems. Send for them. Take a Trial Trip for Three Months.

THE LADIES' FLORAL CABINET

And Pictorial Home Companion.

Only 15 Cents on Trial for Three Months.

Devoted to Household Elegancies, Housekeeping, Art, Music, Home Pets, Ladies' Fancy Work, Society, Amusements, Flowers, Window Gardening, Cottages, etc. *The Prettiest Ladies' Paper in America.* Beautifully Illustrated. A perfect gem. Full of good sense, and invaluable to every lady for its refinement, elegance and rare value. Take a trial trip. Send for it.

Price, \$1.50 per year,
56 cts. for three months, } including a beautiful chromo.
15 cts. " " on trial.
10 cts. specimen copies. None free.

Agents Wanted. Get up a Club. Premium List Free.

THE LITTLE GEM AND YOUNG FOLKS' FAVORITE.

Only 10 Cents on Trial for Three Months.

The prettiest paper for the Young Folks in the United States. Full of pretty pictures, entertaining stories, puzzles, fun, anecdotes, questions, little pieces and helps to school studies. Price, 10 cents per year. Specimen copy 5 cents. Boys and girls wanted to get up clubs. Good like Fun.

WINDOW GARDENING.—A new book, superbly illustrated, devoted to the culture of Plants, Bulbs and Flowers for In-doors, with handsome illustrations of Hanging-baskets, Ferneries and Parlor Decorations. 250 Engravings. Price, \$1.50. Sent prepaid by mail.

ORNAMENTAL DESIGNS FOR FRET WORK, FANCY CARVING AND HOME DECORATIONS. A beautiful book with 130 designs of fancy work for every home. Price, 60 cents.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Rural and Household Books, Games and Amusements. Price, 10 cts.
Address

HENRY T. WILLIAMS, Publisher, 46 Beekman Street, New York.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1875.

1

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' WALKING COSTUME.

For Description see next Page.

DESCRIPTION OF LADIES' COSTUME.

The skirt belonging to this pretty costume, was cut by pattern No. 3587, price 30 cents. It hangs elegantly, all its fullness falling at the back. The two breadths from the latter point form a slight train which may be left untrimmed, or decorated to please the wearer. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and is suitable for any material.

The over-skirt, which is very stylish in shape, was cut by pattern No. 3780, price 20 cents. It has a pointed apron front drawn up by several clusters of shirrings, while its two back breadths are of unequal length and differently draped. It is edged with yak lace which has a pretty heading of its own. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure.

The basque fits the figure with the customary

seams, and closes at the back—a late and popular caprice. It is trimmed at the bottom with lace, while the coat-sleeves have cuffs edged to correspond.

This basque pattern, which is number 3764, price 20 cents, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; while that by which the lace collarette was cut, is No. 3278, price 10 cents, and is suitable for any fabric used for the purpose.

To make the suit for a lady of medium size, 19½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed; the skirt requiring 6½ yards, the over-skirt 9½ yards, and the basque 2½; while the collarette will employ half a yard of net.

The hat is of chip and is lined with silk, while its decorations consist of fine blossoms mingled with a plume and ribbons as represented.



LADIES' TRAVELING WRAP, OR WATERPROOF CLOAK.

No. 4086.—These engravings illustrate a stylish lady's-cloth, or any suitable goods, 54 inches wide, 4½ yards are necessary to make the garment for a lady of medium size. Braid, embroidery or machine-stitching is suitable decoration.



4059

Front View.

4059

Back View.

LADIES' FRENCH SACK.

No. 4059.—The pattern to this charming garment material. To make the garment for a lady of medium size in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust size, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are necessary, and can be used for any cloaking or suit. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4096

Front View.

4096

Back View.

LADIES' POLONAISE.

No. 4096.—The charming garment here illustrated, requires $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, to make it for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents. Cashmere, camel's-hair, merino or any suit material will make up prettily by this pattern, and any trimming may be adopted.



4099

Front View.

4099

Back View.

4114

Front View.

4114

Back View.

LADIES' BASQUE, GORED TO THE SHOULDER.

No. 4114.—This charming pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 3½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed. It is a handsome model, well adapted to a variety of materials.



4083

Front View.

LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED STREET JACKET.

No. 4083.—To make the garment represented in these engravings, 3½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 30 cents.



4083

Back View.



4058

Front View.

4058

Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4058.—The handsome garment represented by these engravings can be made of any suit material. Of goods, 27 inches wide, 6 yards will be necessary

in making the skirt for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 25 cents.



4087

Front View.

4087

Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No 4087.—The pattern of this pretty skirt is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 30 cents. To make a garment by it for a

lady of medium size, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. Cashmere, with trimmings of silk, will make up prettily by this model,



4076

LADIES' DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT, WITH OVER-SKIRT ATTACHED.

No. 4076.—To make the elegant garment delineated, 13½ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required for a lady of medium size. This model is suit-

able for any combination of materials the taste may suggest. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 40 cents.



4089

*Front View.*LADIES' MANTILLA
CLOAK.

No. 4089.—To make the elegant garment represented by these engravings, 3½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, together with 3½ yards of silk, will be necessary for a lady of medium size. A superb effect would result if velvet and lace were employed in the construction of this garment. The pattern is in 10 sizes, for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents.



4089

Back View.



4043

Front View.

4043

Back View.

4064

Front View.

4064

Back View.

MISSES' PLAIN REDINGOTE.

No. 4064.—The pattern of this comfortable garment for a miss of 12 years, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed. Two shades of plain goods are required, and costs 30 cents. To make a garment by it would make up as prettily as the fabric represented.



4080

Front View.

4080

Back View.

MISSES' HALF-FITTING STREET JACKET.

No. 4080.—The garment represented can be made of cloth or any suit material. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make it for a miss of 12 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are needed.



4046

Front View.

GIRLS' FICHU WRAP.

No. 4046.—To make the garment illustrated for a girl 6 years old, 1½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 20 cents.



4046

Back View.

4108

Front View.

4108

Back View.

CHILD'S LONG SACK CLOAK.

No. 4108.—This pretty little pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 1 to 5 years old, and costs 20 cents. To make the sack for a child of 3 years, 2 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed.



4109

Front View.

4109

Back View.

CHILD'S PETTICOAT.

No. 4109.—The pretty little pattern illustrated by these engravings, is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a child 4 years old, 1½ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed.

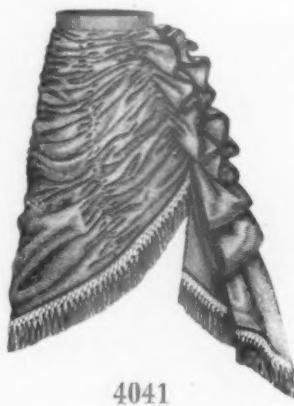


4041

Front View.

MISSES' SHIRRED OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4041.—The garment illustrated by these pictures, will require 3½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, to make it for a miss of 12 years of age. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents.



4041

Back View.

NOTICE.—We are Agents for the Sale of E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S PATTERNS, and will send any kind or size of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price and order.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 1129 Chestnut St., Phila.



Publishers' Department.

HOME MAGAZINE ADVERTISING RATES.

One page, one time	\$100
Half " "	60
Quarter " "	35
Less than a quarter page, 75 cents a line.	
COVER PAGES.	
Outside—One page, one time	\$150
" Half " "	90
" Quarter " "	50
Less than quarter page, \$1.10 a line.	
Inside—One page, one time	\$125
" Half " "	75
" Quarter " "	45
Less than quarter page, \$1 a line.	

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.

"HOME MAGAZINE" AGENCY.

As regular agents of E. Butterick & Co., we can now supply, by mail, on receipt of the price, any of their patterns. Books containing a large number of patterns for ladies' and children's dresses, from which to select, will be sent on application.

Note.—See new patterns in this number of Home Magazine, with prices.

NOTICE.—In ordering patterns, be particular to state the size desired by bust measure or waist measure, or in the case of children by the age, as the patterns are cut in a number of different sizes, and it is absolutely necessary to have the size before pattern can be sent. Be careful to make no mistake in the number of the pattern wanted, as no change can be made after the pattern is ordered and sent. Attention to these small details will save time in the reception of patterns ordered, and a great deal of trouble to us.

We are receiving large orders for these popular, practical patterns, and in all instances they give the most thorough satisfaction.

Book-Buying Department.

We give below a list of new books, published since our last issue, any of which will be mailed, postage free, on receipt of the price.

QUEEN MARY. By Alfred Tennyson. \$1.50.

A DOMESTIC PROBLEM. Work and Culture in the Household. By Mrs. A. M. Diaz. \$1.00.

ILLUSTRATED HOMES. By E. C. Gardner. \$2.00.

DOING AND DREAMING. By Edward Garrett. \$1.25.

OUR CHILDREN IN HEAVEN. By Wm. H. Holcombe, M.D. New Edition. \$1.25.

THE ROMANCE OF NATURAL HISTORY. By Philip Henry Cope. Twelve full-page illustrations. New Edition. \$1.50.

ENGLISH GIPSEY SONGS. By Chas. G. Leland, Prof. E. H. Palmer, and Janet Tucky. \$2.00.

THE MYSTERY OF PLATONIC LOVE. By George S. Crosby. \$1.75.

PREScott's MISCELLANEOUS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAYS. By W. H. Prescott. New Edition. \$2.25.

THE LAST JOURNALS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE IN CENTRAL AFRICA; from 1865 to his Death. By Horace Waller. \$2.50.

AN IDYL OF WORK. By Lucy Larcom. \$1.50.

POETIC STUDIES. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 50 cts.

WHAT AND HOW TO READ. A Guide to Recent English Literature. \$1.50.

JOHN DORRIEN. A Novel. By Julia Kavanagh. \$1.25.

CHILDHOOD. The Text-Book of the Age. By Rev. W. F. Craft, author of "Through the Eye to the Heart." \$1.50.

IN THE KITCHEN. The Cook-Book of the Season. By Elizabeth S. Miller. \$2.50.

HOW TO LIVE LONG; or, Health Maxims, Physical, Mental and Moral. By Dr. W. W. Hall. \$1.50.

ANCIENT HISTORY FROM THE MONUMENTS. "Egypt." By S. Birch. 16mo. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.00.

A ROMANCE, from the German of A. E. Katsch. By Emily R. Steinestel.

CONSTANTINOPLE. By the author of "A Winter in Russia" (T. Gautier). 12mo. Cloth, \$2.00.

OCEAN BORN; or, Cruise of the Clubs. By Oliver Optic. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LOVERS. By Paul H. Hayne. 12mo. Cloth, gilt, \$1.50.

THE ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF ENGRAVING. By W. S. Baker. 4to. Illustrated. Cloth, \$5.00.

MORFORD'S SHORT TRIP GUIDE TO AMERICA. 16mo. With Maps. Cloth, \$1.00.

BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON AND TEA. By Marion Harland. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.75.

LITTLE CLASSICS. Vol. XIII. Narrative Poems. 18mo. Cloth, \$1.00.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNALS. 8vo. Popular Edition. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.50.

EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY, AND PORTRAITS OF JOHN KNOX. By Thomas Carlyle. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

EXOTICS. Attempts to Domesticate Them. By J. F. C. and L. C. 18mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

LAST LETTERS FROM EGYPT. By Lady Duff Gordon. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.00.

We are also prepared to furnish by mail, postage paid, books new and old, from the Catalogues of all the leading publishers in the United States at their published prices. If you do not know the price of the book you want, write to us and we will give the information.

WORKS OF T. S. ARTHUR.

We give below a list of the greater part of Mr. Arthur's published books, any of which we will send by mail on receipt of the price:

Danger; or, Wounded in the House of a Friend.....	2.00
Orange Blossoms.....	2.50
Cast Adrift.....	2.00
Three Years in a Man-Trap.....	2.00
Woman to the Rescue. A Story of the "New Crusade".....	1.25
Lights and Shadows of Real Life.....	1.75
Sketches of Life and Character.....	1.75
Leaves from the Book of Human Life.....	1.75
The Way to Prosper.....	1.50
The Angel of the Household.....	1.50
True Riches; or, Wealth without Wings.....	1.50
Heart Histories and Life Pictures.....	1.50
Home Scenes; its Lights and Shadows.....	1.50
Sparling to Spend; or, The Loftons and the Pinkertons.....	1.50
Three Eras in a Woman's Life; or, The Maiden, the Wife and the Mother.....	1.50
Before and After Marriage; or, Sweethearts and Wives. Lovers and Husbands, and Married and Single.....	1.50
The Martyr Wife, and other Stories.....	1.50
The Young Lady at Home.....	1.50
Steps Toward Heaven; or, Religion in Common Life.....	1.50
The Good Time Coming.....	1.25
The Allen House; or, Twenty Years Ago and Now.....	1.25
What Can Woman Do?.....	1.25
The Withered Heart.....	1.25
The Angel and the Demon.....	1.25
The Trials and Confessions of a Housekeeper.....	1.25
Advice to Young Men on their Duties and Conduct in Life.....	1.25
Advice to Young Women on their Duties and Conduct in Life.....	1.25
Ten Nights in a Bar-room.....	1.25
The Old Man's Bride.....	1.25
The Hand Without the Heart.....	1.25
Golden Grains from Life's Harvest-Field.....	1.25
After the Storm.....	1.50
Light on Shadowed Paths.....	1.50
Out in the World.....	1.50
Our Neighbors in the Corner House.....	1.50
Nothing but Money.....	1.50
What Came Afterward.....	1.50
"All for the Best" Series. 3 vols.....	3.75
Juvenile Library. 6 vols.....	7.50
The Wonderful Story of Gentle Hand, and other Children's Stories, elegantly Bound and Illustrated.....	2.00
Lizzie Glenn; or, The Trials of a Seamstress. Cloth, 1.75	
Six Nights with the Washingtonians; and other Temperance Tales. Complete in One Large Royal Octavo Volume. Cloth, full gilt back.....	3.50

A liberal discount will be made to schools and libraries, and to those who order a number of volumes at one time; the books, in these cases, to be sent by express at the cost of the purchasers.

By
er in
liver
ayne,
By
16mo.
Har-
poems,
r Edi-
JOHN
y J. F.
ordon.
paid,
reading
price,
want,

Mr. Ar-
end by
.....\$2.00
.....2.50
.....2.00
.....2.00
-u-
.....1.25
.....1.75
.....1.75
.....1.75
.....1.50
.....1.50
.....1.50
.....1.50
.....1.50
.....1.50
-er-
.....1.50
the
.....1.50
nd
nd
.....1.50
.....1.50
.....1.50
ion
.....1.50
.....1.25
ow 1.25
.....1.25
.....1.25
.....1.25
.....1.25
net
.....1.25
on-
.....1.25
.....1.25
.....1.25
.....1.25
.....1.25
.....1.50
.....1.50
.....1.50
.....1.50
.....1.50
.....1.50
.....1.50
.....3.75
.....7.50
her
lus-
.....2.00
oth 1.75
her
oyal
.....3.50
d libra-
umes at
t by ex-



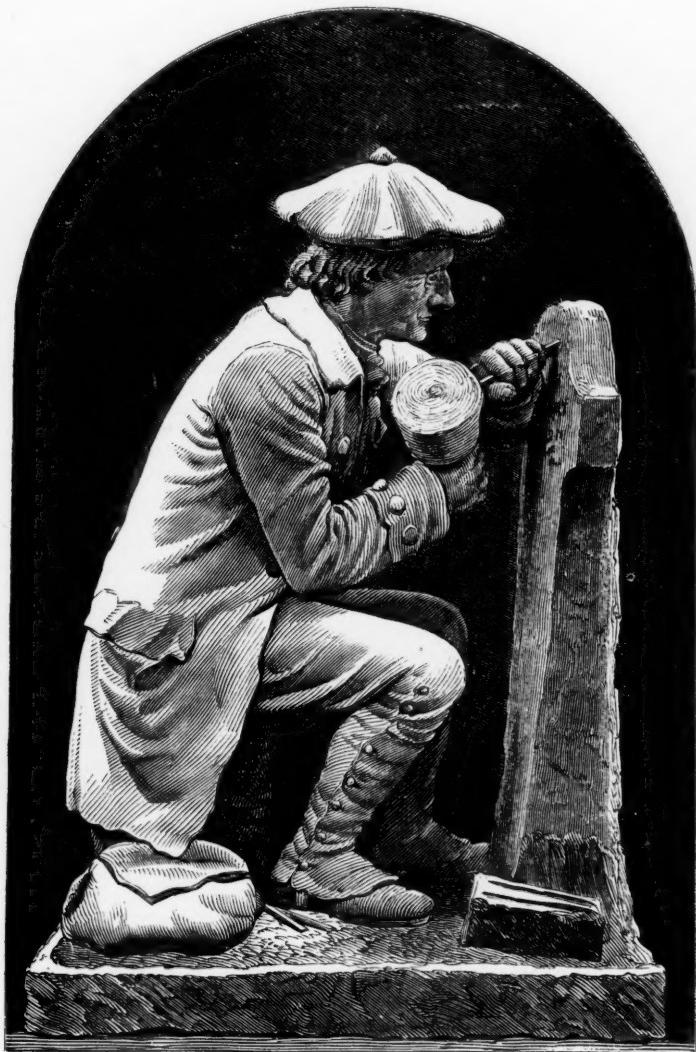
THE CHAPEL-MASTER GIVING HAYDN'S FIRST SINGING LESSON.—*Page 625.*

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

OCTOBER, 1875.

No. 10.



"OLD MORTALITY."

History, Biography and General Literature.

"OLD MORTALITY."

THE Covenanters of Scotland have left their mark upon their country. The number of those who formally claim to be their ecclesiastical descendants is not indeed large; but while their peculiarities of belief and practice partly arose from the characteristics of their nation, it is no less true that their life and struggles and labors have given to the northern part of Scotland no small amount of the special character of its church life and its political condition. They suffered much from the Jameses and the Charleses, and they made a noble stand in favor of the liberty of the subject in regard both to the things of God and the things of Caesar. We must not harshly, while we fairly, judge such men. They were the ancestors of a race of Christians, belonging now to various Christian denominations, who have done much for their country and for the world, and who continue to do so still.

For the sake of general readers unfamiliar with the circumstances to which allusion is here made, it may be proper to remark that soon after the Reformation was introduced into Scotland the Scottish Protestants drew up a Confession of Faith in 1581, the oath annexed to which they called "The Covenant." This was signed by James I., and again subscribed in 1590 and 1596. After the union of the two crowns of Scotland and England in 1603, the Stuarts favored Episcopacy, and sought to compel its adoption by force of arms. During the contentions between Charles I. and the Parliament, the Protestants in Scotland entered into a "Solemn League and Covenant" with the English Parliament, by which the independence of the Presbyterian churches was confirmed. But on the restoration of the Stuarts the covenant was formally abolished in 1661. The king enforced Episcopacy by the sword. The ministers were expelled from their charges if they did not conform. Many stood by them and by the covenant, which guaranteed freedom of Christian thought and liberty of worship. They who did so were hence called "Covenanters." There were many of the people slain by the soldiery in cold blood, and several sanguinary battles were fought. The excluded ministers were treated as rebels, and so were all who were suspected of favoring them. A price was put upon their lives, and their worship and their preaching had to be conducted in wild morasses and secluded glens of the mountains. Such things continued till the establishment of perfect freedom of conscience in 1689.

Sir Walter Scott did not understand the Covenanters. He had no sympathy with them. When he speaks of them he caricatures them. But others have done them honor and awarded them justice, and among the many works which have so done, there is none which gives a clearer view of the character and the conduct of "The Covenanters" than a book which was written a few

years ago by the Rev. Dr. Morton Brown, of Cheltenham, entitled "Peden the Prophet." But Sir Walter was sometimes fair, and in all his writings there is nothing more true to fact and character than his picture of "Old Mortality," a likeness of whom we here present.

The person whom this celebrated writer called "Old Mortality" was Robert Paterson. He was a native of the parish of Closeburn, in Dumfrieshire. The probability is that he had in his youth been a mason. At all events he had been trained to carving in stone. He was the son of Walter Paterson and Margaret Scott, who occupied the farm of Haggissha, in the parish of Hawick, during almost the whole of the first half of the eighteenth century. Robert was born in 1715.

He was the youngest son of a numerous family, and at an early age went to live with an elder brother who was a small farmer near Lochmaben. He there became acquainted with Elizabeth Gray, whom he afterwards married. He then obtained an advantageous lease of a freestone quarry at Gateelowbrig, in the parish of Morton, and at this place he built a house, and had as much land as was sufficient for the "keep" of a horse and a cow. When the Highlanders were returning from England on their way to Glasgow at the time of the troubles of 1745-6, they plundered Mr. Paterson's house at Gateelowbrig, and carried him as a prisoner as far as Glenbuck, merely because he had said to one of them that they might have foreseen that they would be defeated, because the strong arm of the Lord was distinctly raised not only against the Prince Charles and his house, but against all who attempt to support the Church of Rome. From this it is plain that "Old Mortality" had at an early period in life adopted the peculiar religious opinions which afterwards distinguished him.

There was at this time a religious community called Hill-men, or Cameronians, remarkable for austerity and prayerfulness, in imitation of Richard Cameron their founder, an eminently godly man, and a zealous and successful preacher. "Old Mortality" connected himself with this community, and in order to attend their meetings made frequent journeys into Galloway, and occasionally carried with him grave-stones from his quarry at Gateelowbrig to keep in remembrance the righteous who had gone to their reward. His enthusiasm increased, and it is to be feared carried him beyond his original purpose. It "possessed" him. It is well when a man is under the command of a great good principle—indeed unless a man be ruled over thus he is likely to accomplish no great "deliverance" among his fellow men, or on their behalf; but in the case of Robert Paterson a commendable and admirable enthusiasm, so widely different from fanaticism, lost in part its healthy tone. From about the year 1758 he neglected wholly to return to his family, and betook himself to wandering and working on the monuments of "the

godly"—the Covenanters, who had fallen or died in circumstances which distinguished them, in the course of the struggle by which liberty of worship and Christian freedom had been obtained for the country. Let it here be distinctly observed that we are naming only a single exception—this good man's forgetfulness of family claims; these are strong claims, and never ought to be forgotten. In this his chosen work he made monuments and re-chiselled the almost unreadable letters upon others, as these had come by weather and time to be well nigh unserviceable to their original purpose.

A small monumental stone near the House of the Hill, in Wigtonshire, is much revered as having been the first which was erected by "Old Mortality." It was raised in memory of several persons who fell at that place in defence of liberty of conscience in the civil war, in the time of Charles II. But ere long the labors of this peculiar man spread over nearly the whole of the Lowlands of Scotland. There are in particular few churchyards in Ayrshire, Galloway or Dumfriesshire where the work of his chisel is not yet to be seen. It is readily distinguishable by the comparative rudeness of the emblems of death—the skull and cross-bones—and even by the style of the letters of the inscriptions.

In these his wanderings he might be seen, an old man alone among the dead. A blue bonnet of large size covered the gray hairs of the venerable enthusiast. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat of the texture and color called in Scotland "hoddan-gray," his vest and knee-breeches being of the same material. Strong shoes, studded with iron nails, and "leggings" made of thick black cloth completed his attire. Beside him, if he were among the tombs, there might invariably be seen a white pony, the companion of his journey and the helper of his pilgrimages.

He made an annual round of visits to all the scenes of slaughter which unhappily so distinguished the reigns of the two last kings of the house of Stuart. These were often solitary spots far from all the habitations of men; but there at the appointed time most certainly would be seen the old man and his pony. He never wanted Christian people always extended to him a willing hospitality. This he repaid by repairing the gravestones of the family of his host. But wherever he went his Christian conversation, and his prayers, were held to be a boon which many could prize as a means of profit and spiritual blessing to their families.

He thus devoted many years of his life to the performing of a duty which he believed to be his due to the deceased warriors of the Church, who had lived and suffered and died at a period to which the later generations would, he knew, trace back a debt of obligation. Therefore, he would renew to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and endurance of their forefathers, and "so trim the beacon-light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood."

The family of this singular religious wanderer were now, when he was in old age, all well set-

tled in life, and entreated him to spend his last years in comfort with them; but he continued his peculiar mode of life to the end. On the 14th of February, 1801, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, he was found on the highway, near Lockerby, in Dumfriesshire, exhausted and just expiring. The old white pony stood by the side of his dying master. There was found on his person a sum sufficient to pay the expense of a decent interment. But it is not known precisely where his body lies. As soon as his body was found intimation was sent to his sons; but from the great depth of snow on the ground at the time, the letter which conveyed the intelligence of his death was so long detained by the way that the remains of the pilgrim were interred before any of his relations could arrive. It is to be regretted that through unaccountable carelessness in the keeping of the burial records no inquiry could discover even the churchyard in which his body had been laid. So that he who spent so many of the years of his lengthened life in perpetuating the memory of many less worthy it may be than himself, must remain without the simplest stone to mark the resting-place of his own mortal remains.

The figure of "Old Mortality" was cut not many years ago, by a self-taught artist, Mr. Thom, in Scotland, and with its accompanying pony and a plaster cast of Sir Walter Scott, was exhibited to admiring crowds in Edinburgh, London and elsewhere. Mr. Thom took them to America for exhibition, and the pony having been broken in the course of removal from one town to another, he re-executed that, as also the figure of Sir Walter, which had hitherto, as we have said, been only in plaster, and the whole group are now to be seen at Laurel Hill Cemetery, near Philadelphia.

Mr. Anderson, of Perth, also a self-taught sculptor, executed a single figure of "Old Mortality," which was greatly admired. It is of this figure that our engraving gives a representation, and most truly to the life are the personal appearance, the dress and the occupation portrayed.

"Old Mortality" left three sons, two of whom were in comfortable circumstances in Galloway. The third, before the death of his father, had gone to America.

A good man he was with all his eccentricities, and a man who did good. His memory is much revered. It is always true that "the memory of the just is blessed."

A LINK BETWEEN HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—Blessed be the little children who make up so unconsciously for our life-disappointments. How many couples, mutually unable to bear each other's faults, or to forbear the causes of irritation, find solace for their pain in these golden links which still continue to unite them! On that they are one. There they can really repose. Those fragile props keep them from quite sinking disheartened by life's roadside. How often has a little hand drawn amicably together two else unwilling ones, and made them see how bright and blessed earth may become in pronouncing that little word—"Forgive."

MEXICO AND ITS PYRAMIDS.

BY C.

WE call this the new world. What do we know of its age? In the beautiful land of Mexico, a land that lives only on memories of a wonderful past, there are many remains of pyramids and palaces, which vie well with the architectural beauties of the Old World, and fill us with wonder and a restless longing for a better knowledge of a race which inhabited our country long ages ago, who left monuments of great industry and perseverance.

Mexico was formerly called in Spain "The Venice of the Western World." Little was known of the country by the civilized world before 1517, and two years later, when Hernando Cortez visited its shores, the people, though numerous were very ignorant. Thousands of people worshipped and dreaded the powerful Montezuma, and to the remotest parts of his kingdom his subjects were filled with awe at accounts of his greatness. But not many leagues away lay the once powerful Republic of Tlascala (or Tlaxcala), whose people were war-like and valorous, and in early years had asserted their independence, and though lying in the heart of a country whose numerous and petty kings were governed by the one monarch, Montezuma, they had for years maintained their right of self-government, and had won the fear and admiration of all that fierce and war-like people. Nature had assisted them much in asserting their rights, and in maintaining them. It had given them a mountain wall, which fortified three sides of their country. Several leagues of the remaining boundary lay open to the approach of the much dreaded Aztecs. This little nation, not in the least discouraged by the greatness of the task, set to work and built a wall twenty feet thick and nine feet high the whole distance, thus completing the breastworks nature had thrown up for their benefit.

Here, in the heart of the Tlascalan Republic, is the great Mexican pyramid, one of the world's unknown wonders. Its base covers forty-four acres, its sides rise to the height of one hundred and seventy-seven feet, and the platform on its summit is more than an acre in extent. Its walls are composed of layers of brick and clay.

The great pyramid of Egypt, Cheops, covers an area of eleven acres only. In olden times this Mexican pyramid was the great "Teocalli," or Temple. On its summit altars were reared, where worship was offered to the "Unknown God, the Cause of Causes." A stairway wound around the outside of the pyramid leading from its foot to the apex, and on this winding stairway strange and awful processions of priests, clad in their scarlet robes, and bearing gorgeous banners, made of the feathers of their tropical birds, ascended to the top, in full view of the people below, singing chants to the "God of War" and the "God of the Air." These imposing processions on all the great feast days were accompanied by the prisoners that were to be sacrificed in honor of the day. The victims, who for many a month have lived on the best the land afforded, are one by one laid on

the altar, slain, and quickly borne away to grace the board of some lordly mansion. And so of the long list of captives taken in war, the best and most beautiful of the young men and maidens were devoted to the gods, they said, while the worshiping multitude below are kneeling and praying.

The remains of these pyramids are found all through the country of Mexico, and even across the gulf into Yucatan. Most of them are solid, but, in some, rooms have been discovered. It is not known whether they were intended for tombs, or as the "Holy of Holies" to the outer temple on their summits. The only voice that comes to us is that which shows their kindredship with the ruined palaces that are found in all the surrounding country. This is the impress of a hand laid flat against a surface. It is stained red as blood, and is as large as life, it appears on the walls of temples, palaces and pyramids. The impression of the same red hand was found not long ago on the northern frontier of Washington Territory, and sometimes among the Indians now, on tents and buffalo-robés, this mysterious sign may be seen. It may be called mysterious, because no Indian knows its meaning, but uses it as a talisman. There is no voice to break the silence of ages, and tell us where this strange and uncivilized people came from. Only the red hand beckons the scholar to a people the ruins of whose majestic monuments and beautiful palaces still remain.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

WHAT THE WINDS BROUGHT

BY CARRIE W. THOMPSON.

A WIND blew out of the South,
And brought her a dainty face,
A bit of sweetness to wear on her mouth,
And a delicate, lily grace.
Oh, the south wind's sweet surprise
Blew her violet buds for eyes,
And brought her a tender, trusting heart
That never was overwise.
A wind blew out of the West,
With a murmur of summer showers,
And brought her a beautiful, shining dream,
All braided with kisses and flowers;
And the violet-buds of her eyes
Out-blossomed in blue surprise,
And the dream crept close to the trusting heart
That never was overwise.
But a wind blew out of the North,
When her joy was all complete,
And shattered the things she had loved the best,
And scattered them at her feet.
'Twas a cruel and cold surprise,
For it blighted the bloom of her eyes,
And brought a chill to the trusting heart
That never was overwise.
Then a wind blew out of the East,
And carried her story away,
Wailed it and murmured it over the earth,
And dropped it to me to-day,
With a plaintive and sad surprise,
This song of violet eyes,
And the innocent, trusting, broken heart
That never was overwise.

SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

SECOND PAPER.

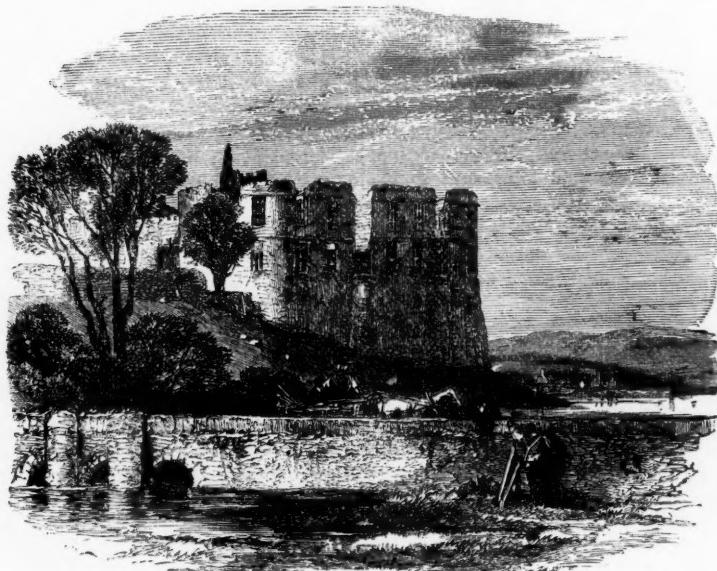
THE Western Province of Ireland is Connought. Its eastern boundary is the River Shannon, the largest river in Ireland. The southern county of this province is Galway, of which the town of Galway is not only the most important city, but a port of some consequence.

Connought is not a popular province in Ireland, and its inhabitants are looked upon with a certain amount of disfavor, even among Irishmen themselves. Mrs. S. C. Hall aptly illustrates the prejudice which is felt against them by an anecdote. She says: "That is a countryman of yours," we said to a bricklayer, who was repairing a wall. "Is it that," he answered in a round, ripe, mellifluous Munster brogue; "is it that tatterdemallion—

with Spain, and the town itself bears marks of its intimacy with that country. The architecture of the ancient houses, now falling into decay, is quite as much Spanish as Irish. There are the remains of Jalouses, and elaborately-carved arched gateways, and grotesque architecture, which carry the imagination to the Moorish cities of Grenada and Valencia. Tradition tells us that this portion of Ireland was originally settled by a colony from Spain, and the inhabitants still bear, in their dark hair, the traces of their southern origin.

The Bay of Galway is one of the finest in the world. It contains innumerable roads and harbors, and is capable of affording protection to the largest fleet.

In the suburbs of Galway there exists a peculiar people, who still retain customs and habits they have kept unchanged for centuries. The inhabi-



CAREW CASTLE.

is it that!—he!—faix, he's not an Irishman at all; he's nothing but a Connought man.' We remember," Mrs. Hall goes on to say, "a man once expressing his astonishment that so much bother should have been made about a 'boy' who had been killed in a row at a fair, concluding his harangue with an exclamation, 'And he was nothing but a Connought man after all!' The prejudice against Connought is indeed somewhat general in the other parts of Ireland; there seems to have been a pretty extensive willingness to construe literally the brutal epithet of the soldiers of Cromwell.—'To h— or Connought!'—when forcing emigration from the pleasant plains of Limerick and Longford into the rude and barren districts of the far West."

In Galway one finds the traces of a different race from that which inhabits the rest of Ireland. Centuries ago, Galway was a famous trading port

tants of the "Claddagh" are a colony of fishermen, numbering, with their families, several thousand. Their market-place adjoins one of the old gates of the town, and here they hold their own dominion, and are governed by their own king and their own laws, utterly refusing to yield obedience to any other.

On the road between Galway and Oughterard are a prodigious collection of cromlechs, or huge circles of stone, which were the work of the Druids. A plain, which extends for more than two miles, is literally covered with these immense stones, of all shapes and sizes, so that there can scarcely be less than a thousand. The circles in which they are placed are of varied sizes, so that some of them are quite small, while others are nearly half a mile in circumference.

Lough Corrib is a broad, picturesque sheet of water. The whole region of Connemara is a



THE HILLERY.

country of lakes, where they are of all shapes and sizes. The scenery is wild, and rugged, and dark, and overhanging mountains shut in the valleys.

which occupies a low promontory which juts out into Lough Corrib. To the north of Corrib lies Lough Mask, separated by a narrow neck of land, under which rolls, in a subterranean channel, the



DELPHI.

"Here hung the yew—
Here the rich heath that o'er some smooth ascent
Its purple glory spread—or golden gorse—
Bare here, and striated with many a hue
Scored by the wintry rain, by torrents here,
And with o'erhanging rocks abrupt.
Here erage loose-hanging o'er the narrow pass
Impended."

Only one solitary ruin is seen in the neighborhood—the ivy-crowned walls of an old castle,

waters of the latter to join those of the former. The village of Fairhill is situated upon this neck of land, and from it is seen a magnificent view of the two lakes.

Between Tully and Leenane, on the western coast, the traveller will find his road lies through the beautiful and magnificent pass of Kylemore. This gap in the mountains extends for about three miles, forming a deep dell all the way, through

which runs a rapid river, making its passage into the lake near its eastern entrance. The sides of the hills are in many places clothed with trees, and here and there a waterfall is seen and heard among them, while the rushing stream that supplies it may be traced from the heights above. At this place the "Twelve Pins"—the "Connamara Alps"—are to be seen, while a deep valley leads down to the shore. The traveller suddenly drops down upon the Killery, which is a deep inlet of the sea, reaching far up into the country, and bounded on both sides, and throughout its whole extent, by a range of mountains nearly as elevated, and of as picturesque forms as any in Ireland.

The region of Connamara is one which should prove especially attractive to the tourist, from the wild grandeur of the scenery. There are mountains, rivers, lakes, waterfalls and magnificent views of the Atlantic, which render it a choice spot in which to loiter away a few summer weeks.

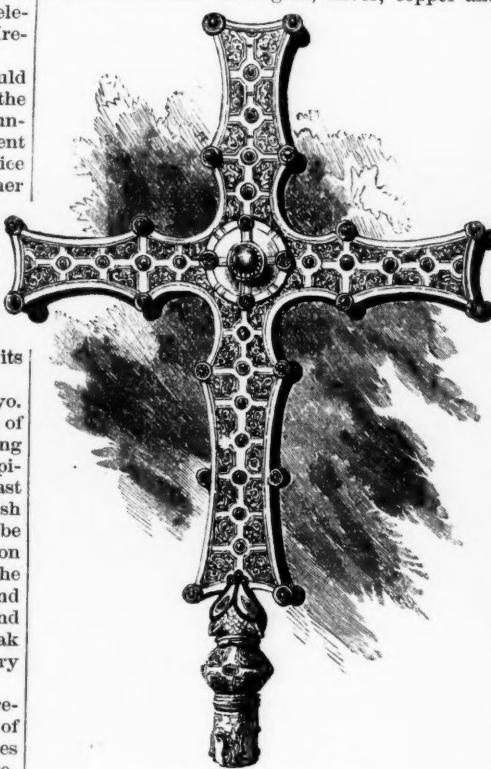
One of the most attractive spots is at Delphi. The road to this place leads through a fertile valley, upon which mountains from either side look down, and through which runs a fine river, literally crowded with salmon. The Lake of Delphi is a lonely spot, deeply sunk in the midst of the mountains, yet charming in its very loneliness.

The first county to the north of Galway is Mayo. A short distance from Castlebar is the old town of Cong, where is found one of the most interesting and venerable ruins in Ireland. It is the dilapidated abbey, where Roderick O'Connor, the last of the Irish kings, retired when his English enemies grew too strong for him. He is said to be buried under the great east window, and common stones are heaped in careless profusion above the grave; but it is surrounded by very perfect and beautiful sculptured buttresses, doorways and ornaments of a gorgeous character, which speak of the former wealth and power of this sanctuary of the kings.

Among the ruins of Cong lie also the mortal remains of MacNamara—a famous free-booter, of whose adventures and escapes marvellous tales are told. The abbey is, in some parts, in a remarkable state of preservation—some of the carvings of the windows, which are curious specimens of decorated Norman architecture, seeming as fresh, after the lapse of centuries, as if they had been but recently executed.

The village of Cong stands upon a small peninsula which extends into Lough Corrie on its eastern side. At its entrance is an ancient stone cross with an inscription upon it in Irish.

"The Cross of Cong" was presented to the Royal Irish Academy in 1839, by Professor MacCullagh, by whom it was purchased from the Roman Catholic priest of Cong. It is, according to Dr. MacCullagh, "a most interesting memorial of the period preceding the English invasion, and shows a very high state of art in the country at the time when it was made, which was the early part of the twelfth century, in the reign of Therdelach Ua Conchovar (or Turlogh O'Connor,) father of Roderick, the last of the native kings of Ireland. This date is supplied by the Gaelic inscriptions, extremely clear and well cut, which cover the silver edges of the cross, and which, besides giving the names of the king and of a contemporary dignitary of the church, preserve that of the artist himself, who was an Irishman. A Latin inscription informs us that it contains a precious relic—a portion of the wood of the 'true cross,' and this circumstance will account for the veneration in which it has been held for ages." The cross is formed of gold, silver, copper and



THE CROSS OF CONG.

oak, and is abundantly studded with imitations of precious stones. The height of the shaft is about two feet and a half, and the span of the arms about nineteen inches.

The narrow neck of land which divides Lough Corrie from Lough Mask has already been referred to. Underneath this neck, in a subterranean channel, rushes the waters of Lough Mask, leaping in mighty cataracts, which are faintly heard above ground in dismal, melancholy sounds, which keep alive the embers of decaying superstition. There are numerous caves in this vicinity, which are well worth a visit.

Castlebar has nothing particularly to distinguish it, save that it was rendered famous during the melancholy year of 1798, as the scene of a battle. The Irish rebellion seemed successful at this place, and for a short period Castle-

bar was the seat of the republican government of Connaught.

Newport is situated on a somewhat broad and rapid river, at the head of the beautiful Bay of Clew. At the quay a vessel of four or five hundred tons may unload. At this place, sea, lake and beautiful mountain scenery unite in offering their attractions to the tourist.

The Island of Achill is distant from Newport about fourteen miles. It is the largest island off the Irish coast. The scenery in the neighborhood is somewhat barren and bleak, yet in natural grandeur and rude magnificence it can scarcely be surpassed. Upon the island are the remains of the ancient monastery of Burrishoole, and the castle of Carrig-a-Hooly, one of the castles of Grace O'Malley. Those of the former stand upon the east bank of the river, and adjacent to the Lake of Burrishoole. The ruin is highly picturesque, and is literally crowded and crammed with skulls and dry bones. The old castle is built upon an extremity of an arm of the sea. In the same vicinity are some singular caves, believed to be Druidic.

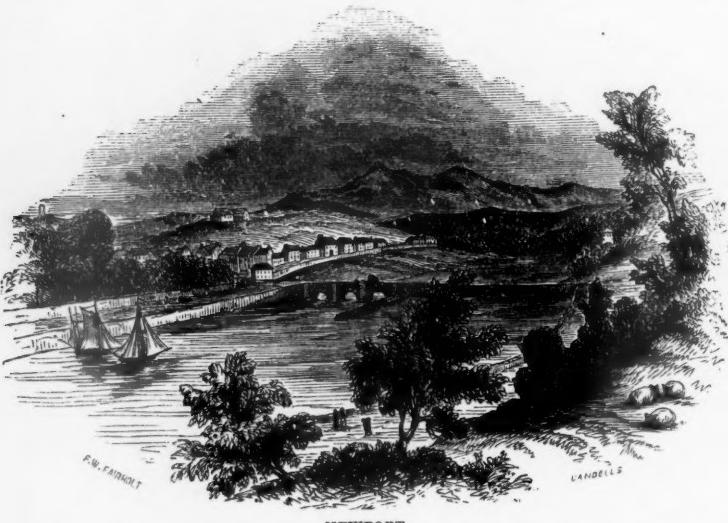
first settled; did I never tell you?" and my companion laughed heartily.

I laughed, too, but it was a joyful, glad laugh. I was pleased to know that the pioneers selected beautiful building sites.

Uncle Franks! and I never knew where the dear old man built before! I knew all about him, and Auntie Franks, and Jett, and Ruth, and Jack, and Nancy, and Simon, and Clark, their children; all men and women when I first knew them.

They had three children when they came here. They were very poor. Uncle worked for farmers by day's works and carried his wages home at night in a bag on his shoulder. He nearly always worked for corn, and at night he pounded it, and it was made into bread or mush. Aunt kept hulled corn on hand the year round. If she had not done so they would have had nothing to eat except mush and corn bread, but this gave them a little variety.

We, with our good wells and springs and the unfailing cistern under the roof, can make hulled corn easily, but for five years the feeble mother of this poor family brought all their spring water the



NEWPORT.

FIFTY YEARS AGO; OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST. BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 10.

"WHAT a beautiful place that would have been for a cabin home in early times," I said, leaning out of the carriage; "now if I had been living in those early days that is where I would have pitched my tent."

"Where?" said my companion, looking about.

"Just there," I replied, pointing my finger in the direction of the prettiest knoll below which the road wound with a graceful curve.

"Oh, well you would have found the place occupied, unless you had come here before the year of our Lord 1813. That is where old Uncle Franks

distance of half a mile. I am astounded at this when I take into consideration the fact of a growing, healthy family eating hulled corn nearly every day for years, the one moderate-sized iron pot in which it was cooked, and that she made her excellent hominy the old precise way that our great grandmothers did, without varying one atom; that it be thoroughly washed in clean water nine times.

When I said, "Why didn't Uncle Franks dig a well and spare his wife?" the reply was, "He was very poor; they had nothing to work with but their hands; the family was growing all the time, and it was just as much as he could do to clothe and feed them."

She had one feather bed that they brought with them from the East. She had long wanted a cow,

and at last she made up her mind to part with the bed in exchange for a cow. Any woman can conceive how loth she would be to give up the only bed, but she said, drying her eyes on her apron, "We can't eat the bed, and we can soon learn to do without it. We are all tired enough at night to sleep on the ground, and the cow will bring us good milk and butter, and she will be such a good 'vestment."

Poor Auntie Franks! the bed that her mother gave her was given up and taken away and the cow brought home, and the little ones feasted on the good milk and butter. But one morning, when they got up, the cow stood under the maple, all drawn up and her mouth was foamy and her cold tongue hung out, and her breath came as though she were pained.

"P'raps she's been out among the buckeyes; if she has, she's done for," said uncle, with his hands thrust down into his pockets.

The family stood 'round her grieving. At last the mother said: "What say to sendin' for Gran'-ther Jones; it may be that she's a little mite bewitched."

"Who'd do it?" was his answer; "you know nobody has nothin' agin us. We never harmed nobody," and he looked in her eyes with a questioning stare.

"I don't like the looks of that old creeter as lives on the Watkins' place," said auntie, sticking her arms up against her sides. "Now Gran'-ther Jones would know whether she's a witch or not. He could tell without gittin' up off his cheer. Lord have mercy on us if she is! You see, Dan'el, I'll tell you what makes me mistrust. I was out on the hill beyond the Watkins' place with Jett an' Ruth diggin' some sassafrac root the other day, and we come upon the old creeter all of a sudden settin' on the ground with a little brown paper in her lap and she was whisperin' like and doin' this and that an' t'other, like a body sortin' out seeds for a truck patch or garden, and as soon as she seed us she squawked out and hustled the little paper out o' sight in her bosom, and she was gone down the hill like a streak. Now if that isn't jibus conduct, I don't know what is," and the wife looked up into her husband's face as though this last argument was conclusive.

The cow wouldn't eat anything, and so Jett was despatched for Gran'-ther Jones.

Now this old man was very superstitious. He knew everything by the aid of his cards, and his "mineral ball," and the queer looking articles that he kept in a sacred little receptacle in the safest corner of the "old chist."

His grown children and grown grandchildren looked with holy awe upon "gran'-ther's box." They were almost breathless when it was opened and they caught a glimpse of its contents, but this latter rarely happened.

In less than an hour the old magician hove in sight. He came in a creaking little wooden wagon drawn by an old sorrel horse whose mane and tail were snarled and matted almost into felt with burdock burrs. Indeed the tail hung as clubby and substantial as the tail of a musk-rat. Gran'-ther was very old and exceedingly corpul-

lent. He could hardly bear to feel the weight of his clothes about him, and that required him to dress in a manner somewhat peculiar. His back and shoulders were covered by a brief garment, made like our grandmothers used to make sailors or roundabouts for their boys, only that it was very large and fit him like a loose, light husk. His trousers were something gathered on to a band to button round his portly dimensions; when he walked the band was buttoned, when he rode or sat they were worn entirely loose and lay about him like careless drapery, his shirt generally on the outside, or out and in, just as it happened. Shapeless big moccasins and a very wide, low, soft, wool hat. This time the call was urgent, for Mrs. Franks was his granddaughter, a favorite one, too. He drove as fast as circumstances would allow, his long, white hair and his excess of snow-white shirt streaming in the wind.

As soon as he was seated and the particulars of the occasion made known, the family remembered the first rite of hospitality, which was to bring out a half-gallon jug of Slater's best fourth-proof whisky, and hold it up to the eager lips that wet themselves unctuously, and smacked and partook again with a relish that was pleasurable to look upon.

"Well," he said, in a cracked old voice, looking around, and then the cow was driven up to the door where he could see her.

"Turn her head this way," he said. Then he opened his sacred box, took out a piece of dingy, soft muslin on which was inscribed cabalistic characters, laid it across his knees and opened a paper in which were two needles with flat heads. One of these he ordered to be stuck in the band of his shirt, back of his neck, and the other in the hem of his left trousers' leg. Then he took out some white looking gum, wet it with spittle and rubbed it over the region of his heart.

"Watch if the cow rolls up her eyes or makes complaint," he said, as he began to make bows, very slowly at first, and then they came faster and faster, until the poor old man looked like a ninny. Suddenly he stopped and wet the white gum again and rubbed it on his forehead.

Just then the cow lolled her tongue over to the other side of her cold, wet mouth, and moaned as if in pain. *

"Sadisfied," he muttered, and signalled to have the curious needles removed. "She's clean bewitched, there's no doubt o' that," said he, giving an upward hitch to the band that constituted a part of his trousers. "Have you any idee of any possessed creeter hereabouts; anybody you'd mistrust?" he asked.

Then Susan Franks, with staring eyes and twitching hands, related her meeting on the hill-side with the queer creeter who lived on the Watkins' place.

"Do you know anything about her? tell all you know," said he, leaning back.

"A man with two pack horses brought her and her hous'old stuff, and left immediately. People don't take to 'er nor she to them," was the reply.

"Well, we must find out if she be one possessed," said the poor old man, "an' if she be,

we'll know how to manage her. If she be in league with a evil one we'll find it out and give her her jest deserts," and the grim, wise old astrologer gave his refractory trousers' band another hitch.

Such people believed that witches were sold unto the devil. That they entered into a compact and that the bargain was usually in writing and signed in the witch's own blood.

One point in witchcraft was the belief in stated meetings of witches and devils by night, called Witches' Sabbaths. That, first anointing her feet and shoulders with a salve made of the fat of murdered and unbaptized children, the witch mounted a broomstick, distaff, rake or the like, and making her exit by the chimney, rode through the air to the place of rendezvous. If her demon lover came to fetch her, he was represented as sitting on the staff before and she behind him. At the feast to which they all assembled there were viands, but no bread nor salt, and they drank out of ox hoofs and horse skulls, but the meal neither satisfied nor nourished. After eating and drinking, they danced to music played on a bagpipe with a horse's head for a bag, and a cat's tail for a chanter.

At the conclusion a great goat that had participated was burned to ashes, and then the ashes were divided among the witches to raise storms with. They returned as they came, and the husband was kept from being aware of his wife's absence by a stick laid in the bed, which he mistook for her.

The power that the devil gave them was exclusively directed to work evil, to raise storms, blast crops, inflict racking pain on an enemy or make him pine away in sickness. This latter was done, usually, by making an image of wax and sticking it full of pins or setting it away to melt before the fire.

If a witch attempted to do good the devil was enraged and chastised her.

Taking a small vial out of his little box, Gran'ther Jones, on the point of a penknife, lifted out some of the oily contents, which he rubbed on one side of a stick, mumbled over it, and then laid it down beside him. Then he took some charcoal, that had been made out of burned bats, and made some marks on a fragment of white paper with it, folded it up neatly, tied it in a cloth and laid it down beside the stick. Then he called Dan'el Franks up to him, and tying a snake-skin round Dan'el's hat, told him to go to the house of the strange woman, lay the oiled stick on her doorsill, throw the marked paper down her chimney and then hide behind her house with his hat drawn down over his face and stay there fifteen or twenty minutes, and then come back and report what he had seen and heard.

In due time the man returned. Gran'ther, who had been sitting leaning on his staff, now rallied, and looking up, said: "What say?"

"The creeter was a-carryin' on 'mazingly," was the reply; "she was cryin' am' moanin' am' makin' all sorts o' noise, e'en a'most like one demented."

"All right, she's a witch sure—leastways all the symptoms p'int that way. We'll manage her,

or there's no truth in truth," said the old man, putting the snake-skin back in his box and closing it carefully. Then he took out of his bosom a little parcel, which he unrolled, and within was a small, compact ball of hair, or hairy calculi such as is occasionally found inside of the stomachs of old cattle, formed perhaps out of the fine hair that lodges on the tongue when they are licking themselves, and clings together and becomes secreted in the stomach, and is never removed unless by curious human hands after the animal is dead.

Astrologers and fortunetellers and superstitious people ascribe supernatural powers to this worthless accumulation. Gran'ther Jones was one of those; he could hardly have existed without this most wonderful of all divinations.

While he was performing with this singular ball, he gave orders that the cow be watched closely. By this time she was lying down stretched out stiffly, with her eyes rolled up.

After awhile gran'ther stopped swinging the ball and muttering incantations, and gave orders that the poor brute be made to stand upon her feet. It was attempted, but without a successful result.

"Take a shovelful of coals and pour on her side," said he, peremptorily.

It was done, but the poor thing made no effort to rise, and gave no sign except a prolonged, piteous, quivering cry.

"That was the devil's cry," said gran'ther, with a cracked laugh, and then he beckoned to have the "joog" passed, and it was held up, and he drank with the utmost satisfaction.

But such details are repulsive, and should be forgotten. Suffice to say, the cow died, and the feather bed was gone, and the poor family were poorer than ever.

One day gran'ther was at Dan'el Franks's house, and Susie was making hominy, and using paiful after paiful of spring water from the fountain half a mile distant, when the old man said to one of the boys: "Go git me a stick of witch hazel, and be sure you git it off'n the sunrise side o' the bush, an' I'll see if it would be proper for your par to be diggin' a well hereabouts."

Buttoning the band of his nether drapery, and having the other garment all a-flutter in its freedom, he broke a forked stick from the witch hazel, and began walking slowly up and down the lot in which the cabin stood, holding the stick in a certain position between his two hands. Suddenly it began to turn; he stopped; it moved slowly round; when in a loud, nose-y voice he cried out: "Does my Maker tell me there is water here?"

Then he informed Dan'el that he could strike a good vein of pure, soft water by digging twenty-five feet. But Dan'el had to earn bread for the family, he had not time to earn water too, and so the well was never dug.

But alas for the fate of the woman who was shunned, and despised, and persecuted as a witch!

In those days almshouses had not been built in the West. There was need enough for them, but the poor pioneers could not stand the taxes. So when it was known that Goody Leet was sick, and suffering, and dying, and all the while declaring

herself an innocent and a wronged woman then, some of the neighbors of the better class sought her in her cheerless, dark, lonely cabin, and found her to be an object of charity and sympathy.

It was hardly to be supposed that any of those poor families could afford to take her into their homes and treat her as one of them without a trifling recompense, and though it did look very hard and inhuman, and we cannot quite be reconciled to the fact, yet a notice was stuck on the door of the blacksmith's shop, saying that on the 9th day of October, 1813, Mistress Goody Leet, an infirm woman, would be sold to the lowest bidder for the term of six months.

On that day Goody was put into a little wooden wagon and hauled to the lower rifle, where the blacksmith's shop was located, and she was sold as a pauper by public outcry.

This was the iron that entered her soul. A man mounted on a stump raised his hands, and his voice, and his powers of eloquence, said all the fine words he could think of, and all the pretty phrases, and the poor creature was sold to the lowest bidder. A lazy, ignorant old couple made the bid, and hauled her off to their cheerless home in the creaking little wagon amid the solemn silence of the motley assemblage.

Goody was quiet. For days she would sit and lean on her thin talony hand, and she would open a little brown paper that she carried in her bosom, and cry over it softly and silently. But one day she refused food and drink, and the next day she did the same, and persisted in it calmly yet positively day after day. Kind women could not prevail on her to eat, sympathizing men besought her without avail; and one morning, when the old couple looked upon their charge, she lay peaceful and with pitiful countenance as one in pleasant slumber. All plainness and homeliness were obliterated, and a rare beauty, lost and faded for long years, had come back again.

In the suspected little brown paper in her bosom was a flossy flake of infant's hair, and a coarser slip beside it, of dark brown, was a man's hair, treasured and beloved, both. The tale they might have told could only be guessed.

Marry, with long and patient waiting, the poor persecuted pauper, a lady born, had sought and found a friendly death by starvation.

FACES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

THE captain always remembers faces. At least he says he does. I don't. I don't make even a pretense of remembering them. If I were introduced to you this minute, and should meet you plump on Chestnut Street in less than half an hour, I should not recognize you. If after my introduction, when I got home, the captain should ask me to describe your appearance, and I were to tell him you were short and stout, with light hair and blue eyes, he might with tolerable safety infer that you were tall and spare, with black hair, and eyes to match. "Twas ever thus in childhood's years," and all the way up to now. I cannot help it. So if I cut you dead in

the street, extenuate if you please, but set not down ought in malice. It surely is not the fault of the faces that I do not remember them. When I get to know a countenance well, I always find it possesses sufficiently distinctive characteristics.

I wonder how it ever came about that there is such a variety not only in individual faces, but in the different types also? Did old Noah's sons so little resemble each other that their descendants have gone on multiplying the differences ever since?

First, there are the five grand types of races—the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Malay, the Ethiopian, and the American. (You see I have these all pat. It is about the only remnant of knowledge which I still preserve from my school days. If I were to make the divisions myself, I should be content with three, and huddle the second, third and fifth into one. But then I *may* be mistaken.) These are again divided, until every man reveals his nationality in his face. I once heard an observing man remark that he could tell exactly where to place a man's ancestors by his peculiar cast of countenance.

The Italian and Spaniard are not only swarthy, but the form of their foreheads, noses, eyes and mouths betray their southern origin. A Jew always stands revealed by his hooked nose and dark hair and eyes. There are at least three distinct types of German features, indicating three distinct origins in the remote past. There is the dark-eyed and dark-haired one, evidently allied to the Italian, and probably springing from the same root; the pale and thin, with broad, high foreheads and gray or blue eyes and brown hair; and the Saxon pure—a perfect blond. The latter is also found in England, together with the Scandinavian, the Cimbrie and the Norman, the last distinguished by dark eyes and hair.

The Russ displays an upturned nose, with widely-spread nostrils, whose openings are plainly perceptible in a front view of the face. The Gaels have red hair, fat skins, blue eyes, pug noses and long upper lips. The Celt-Iberian is distinguished by dark or black hair, blue or gray eyes, and not infrequently prominent Roman nose.

In America we find all these curiously mingled, yet sometimes preserved with a purity almost incredible. Thus, in central and southern New Jersey, the descendants of the original Swedish settlers still bear the old Swedish names, such as Derrickson, Hendrickson, Rambo, etc., and still more frequently display the lank, tow-colored hair and insignificant profiles of their race. We find everywhere the true Irish face, even when the name is lost, showing how plentifully Ireland has contributed of her sons and daughters to populate our country. The Saxon, too, is discovered by the flaxen locks, washed-out eyes and ruddy complexion.

But after discerning these national characteristics, we come down to family peculiarities, which are perhaps still more marked, and seldom deceive. The certain outline of a nose will descend from generation to generation in one family; a chin is the inheritance of another; a mouth or forehead of still another; and sometimes all the

features continue to form the family likeness, which remains as true to itself after centuries of blending with other families as it was at the start. Sometimes for a few generations it may seem to be lost; but it will reappear in some remote representa-

generations, or evil habits in a single individual, will greatly degenerate the same features; so that between the two extremes it seems as though there could be no traces of resemblance. Still we find the family likeness remaining.



tive of the family, every lineament true. These family traits are the most tenacious. They never forsake one, though they may be greatly modified by circumstances, and by the individual himself. Culture and refinement will often tone down the features; while ignorance and neglect of a few

Every emotion of which the mind and heart are capable leaves its record upon the features, and beautifies them or renders them plain. Love illuminates the countenance; hate disfigures it. Fretfulness draws lines all around the cheeks, and eyes, and mouth, and anxiety marks the

forehead. Cheerfulness brightens the plainest face and makes it seem beautiful. Discontent will hang like a cloud over the most regular features. Fear, passion, malice, envy, pride, vanity, disdain, covetousness, greed, ignorance, vice, sensuality, trouble, grief, disappointment, regret, hope, benevolence, charitableness, purity, good nature, honesty, culture, delicacy of sentiment, even different shades of religious belief, are all to be read in unmistakable markings in the lines drawn upon the face.

No wonder, then, that with all these types, and variations of types, and variations of variations of types, proceeding in geometrical ratio, there are so many kinds of faces in the world.

Let any one who thinks all people look more or less alike, station himself for one hour on one of the principal thoroughfares of New York or Philadelphia, and observe carefully the different faces that pass him. If he is handy with his pencil, let him sketch these faces as rapidly as he can, and see what will be the result of his hour's labor. Any one who should examine these sketches with his credulity unfortified by previous experimental observation, would be almost certain to pronounce them caricatures, for truth is not only often stranger, but often funnier and broader in its humor than fiction. There we would find drawn to the life the self-satisfied man with the smirk upon his countenance; the sentimental young lady with a hat of the highest fashionable altitude; the boy who "runs with the mesheen;" the banker with his somewhat high and narrow forehead and long face generally; the man who believes everybody wrong but himself; the individual with the deprecating expression; the young fellow who thinks himself quite bewitching with his heavy brown locks and regular profile; the young lady who is, and the other young lady who regrets that she is not. There will be the sister with bandaged forehead, pale face and downcast eyes; the man who pokes his nose into everybody's business; the supremely selfish and irritable man; the clever man; the good-natured fellow; the prig; the snob; the man with spectacles and the man with eye-glasses; the man wise in his own conceit; the woman pretty in hers; the interesting young widow; old maids discontented and otherwise; the jolly man and the morose one; the young man who thinks he is cut out for a tragedian; old heads on young shoulders, and young heads on old ones. Oh, dear! there is no end to them! So they would keep coming and going all day long, and the faces of the next hour would differ totally from this, and the following hour be still different.

After all, when I come to consider how many and how various are the faces in the world, and what a mental effort it must require to remember any considerable portion of them, I do not wonder that my memory gets confused and refuses to retain any.

OUT of one hundred men you run against, you will find ninety-five worrying themselves into low spirits and indigestion about troubles that will never come.

SEAWARD.

BY KATHARINE H. GREENE.

THE twilight drops its misty veil
Over the sea—
The moaning sea—

Where glimmers many a snowy sail.

The virgin stars their pale lamps trim
Above the deep,
Where softly creep

The purple shadows dark and dim.

The sea-birds leave their snowy breasts
Within the tide,
While far and wide

The waves uplift their foamy crests.

The golden moon, serenely bright,
Above the dim
Horizon's rim,

Doth slowly rise, a globe of light.

The fishermen, returning home,
Sing merrily
Their songs of glee,

Which o'er the waters murmuring come.

A welcome light streams from the shore,
And children gaze
Through gathering haze,

To greet their fathers home once more.

Gray, wan vessels onward go
To unknown coasts
Like spectral ghosts,

As in the gloom they fainter grow.

To some far haven, calm and fair,
May our barks sail—
Beyond the pale

Of human woe and human care.

HER HANDS.

BY S. J. D.

HANDS filled with flowers—
When summer woke the blossom, bird
and bee—

With gladsome heart all through bright child-
hood's hours

She roved with me.

Hands filled with cares—

Life's busy, earnest cares made sweet by love—
Sweet childhood merged in womanhood's fair
years

Apart we rove.

Hands often grasped

In sisterly affection firm and free,
And tenderer for the partings; thus were clasped
Her hands by me.

Hands stained with tears

Shed over withered hopes—o'er children's
tombs—

While faithful memory, through lengthened years,
Walked silent rooms.

Hands, cold and white,

Folded o'er pulseless breast—yet wherefore
weep?

Behold, "at eventime it shall be light,"
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

The Story-Teller.

RALPH WALLINGFORD'S AFFINITY.

BY SUSAN B. LONG.

RALPH WALLINGFORD married Mattie More, the little schoolmistress, and thought himself a very lucky fellow, as he was. He was the only son of a widow in good circumstances, whose daughters were already married and settled in life, and who, contrary to the majority of mothers with only sons, was well pleased to have him bring a bright-faced, sweet-voiced, nimble-footed young companion into the dim old house, to make light and music, and to share her labors and her cares. And now, having asserted that two of the parties concerned in this match—for I will maintain, notwithstanding the multitude of witty but unkind remarks which are continually being made about that much-abused individual, that the mother-in-law has really some rights that ought to be respected, that she really is a party concerned, especially when the *new* party is to be a member of her own household—having, I say, asserted that both mother and son were well pleased to secure this bright-faced companion aforesaid, it is no more than fair to own that Mattie herself was not one whit behind them in feeling satisfied with her share of the good luck which had come to them all.

Some of Mattie's friends—for, though no near relatives, she had made many firm friends since she came to L—— to teach the district school—some of them shook their heads a little in a knowing way, and ventured the opinion that she might do better by waiting a little longer. Ralph was all well enough, perhaps; and he had a good home for her, and all that; but he was young yet—too young to know his own mind, they feared. It looked a little out of square for a fellow of twenty to marry a woman two years older; the disparity ought to be the other way. They guessed, too, that Ralph was inclined to be dogmatical and domineering; he had the stuff in him to make him so, they knew—it was a characteristic of the family—though they couldn't say that he had manifested those traits as yet. Time enough for that, though, yet.

Surely those traits never had appeared in his intercourse with Mattie; for had he not been one of her most attentive, respectful and submissive pupils for the past two winters? And as to the disparity in their ages, no one, seeing them for the first time, as they stood before the minister in the village church, listening to the words that were giving them to each other till death should part them, he, with his tall form, broad, shoulders and bearded face, and she with her rounded cheeks, varying color, bright, laughing eyes and girlish form, would have hesitated to say that he was, at the least, five years her senior.

Ten years later, the verdict would have been the same. And Mattie's life, during those years, had not in the least resembled that of the lilies of the

field. She had toiled literally; and if I may use the word "spun," in a metaphorical sense, meaning making, mending, washing and ironing, then I may say that she had *both* "toiled and spun." But she had done it all so bravely and cheerfully, had sung, and laughed, and chatted while she toiled, that while many a woman, though possessing her perfect physical health, yet less happily constituted mentally, would have drooped and faded, and developed premature wrinkles and gray hairs, she was plump, fresh and rosy still. When complimented for her youthful looks, as she often was—for it is a rare thing to see an American woman of thirty-two, wife of a country farmer, and mother of four children, with a brow and cheek unmarked by care, an eye undimmed by disease, and a laugh like a school-girl's—she made answer that she "supposed it was all because she was so happy. She didn't know how it was, but she never seemed to have any real trouble! She had the best husband and the brightest and sweetest children in the whole world, and everything pleasant and agreeable about her (excepting only the protracted illness of Ralph's mother; but she was always hoping she would be better); and as for work, why she gloried in it! She believed she was just calculated for a woman of all work—it suited her exactly."

She had, however, one regret—I will not call it a grief—beside the sickness of the mother-in-law alluded to, which was, that she found so little time for reading and study, of which she was naturally passionately fond. But, contrary to the habits of many women, instead of making the most of these two unhappy circumstances, in order to compensate for their scarcity, she seldom alluded to them, and never dwelt upon them at any length.

But of this I should have spoken later, for I fear I am bestowing too much time upon a commonplace little woman—one without "aspirations," except to make good bread and butter, and who felt no "longings" but to fulfill her whole duty to her God, and to her family, and her fellow beings at large. I fear, I say, that I am taking up too much time with her, to the exclusion of one who, if we accept his judgment in the matter, was far her superior.

If Mattie, at the end of ten years, showed few signs of the flight of time, the same might also be said of Ralph. It is true, also, that he had "toiled and spun" (the latter metaphorically, also, of course), and he, too, to all outward appearance, was contented and happy. But he was *not*; or, he *thought* he was not; or, he *thought* he thought so; which amounts to the same thing practically, I suppose. He had "aspirations" and "longings," and so he kept a journal, and made that the repository of them, and a good deal besides, of which, by the way, he came in time to be ashamed.

For instance, this: "Eight years of married life! And they have been years not devoid of seasons of happiness; but, oh! it is a sad thing when a

man becomes sensible of the fact that he has made the one great mistake which is to cast a cloud over his whole earthly existence. I feel that I should not say this, even to my journal—my other self. It seems like ingratitude to one of the best of women and truest of wives that ever lived; and this makes the sad truth all the sadder. Never, since I have called Mattie wife, have I had occasion to complain of the least neglect of any wifely or domestic duty. Never have I known her ill-tempered or fretful. Her cheerfulness, and kindness, especially to my invalid mother, her gentleness, and, more than all, her executiveness, are something wonderful, and challenge my highest admiration and respect. Ah! admiration and respect! A man should not stop at those words, when speaking of his wife. But what can I say? Am I so much an animal that because a woman makes good coffee, because she can cook potatoes to the very point of perfection, because she gives me the sweetest and lightest of bread, my whole soul must go out to her in a gush of unutterable affection? Because she darns my stockings, sews on my buttons and ‘does up’ my shirts, must I bestow upon her the richest treasures of an ardent, loving heart? I should scorn myself if it were so! I crave something higher and nobler. What are mere bodily comforts, if the mind must hunger and thirst for companionship? How I could luxuriate on sour bread, frowsy butter and muddy coffee, if Mattie were only capable of appreciating subjects and ideas above the humdrum walk of common, everyday life! How I could revel in buttonless shirts, limp collars and coats out at the elbows, if only she could go with me into realms of ethical and scientific truth; strive with me to lay hold upon ideas grand and worthy; to investigate new and important theories—theories and ideas which tend to make our lives nobler, broader, truer and more beautiful, blessing not only ourselves, but our children and our kind. It is the knowledge that I must struggle on through all my mortal life, thus alone, without sympathy in my strivings for the ‘true and the beautiful,’ that I must ever be hampered and bound down to the vulgar details of farm life, in my hours of both toil and relaxation; it is the knowledge that this must ever be so, that fills my days with sadness and strews my pillow with thorns.”

“There, there, there! Let us stop! Don’t let us read farther!

“Is the man a fool,” do you say? Undoubtedly, and there are others like him, and women, too. Men and women who, as an Irishman would say, cannot be happy unless they are miserable about something; and so, if they have nothing real to make them so, they imagine something.

Now, Ralph Wallingford’s days were not filled with sadness, and there were no thorns in his pillow—not a thorn! His digestion was good, he went whistling about his work, and he snored in his sleep at night! What more could the happiest man do?

I will tell you, now, just what did ail him, or what he *thought* ailed him. But I must do it in my own way, and I fear that I am already, like Mrs. Wilfer, “a little wearing.” It had been

their practice, his and Mattie’s, till within the last three or four years, to spend their evenings in reading together—usually Ralph read while Mattie “spun,” *i.e.*, sewed or knit. Books, magazines, newspapers—travels, theology, ethics, fiction and science were in turn read, and enjoyed by them both. As the time went on, and Mattie’s cares and duties increased, Ralph became the sole reader, and Mattie was almost entirely dependent upon him for everything in the way of literary pabulum that she obtained.

Unfortunately, about this time, Ralph fell in with the writings of Auguste Compte, and of some other social reformers in our own country. He became greatly interested in them, and brought them home to read to Mattie. She listened to them for two or three evenings, and then told him she feared it was time and trouble wasted, with her, for she was *positive* she should never understand “Compte’s Positivism,” and that much of the stuff that the other authors said about “social freedom,” and “soul affinities,” and the “higher law of marriage,” etc., seemed to her the merest trash, to call it by no worse name; and that, for her part, she had so little time to devote to mental culture, she should prefer to hear him read something else. Ralph endeavored to explain what she did not understand, and to combat her opinion in regard to the rest, but she insisted that there was so much that she could comprehend and appreciate, and which would do her good, that it did not seem worth her while to puzzle her brain over ideas and speculations which she felt would make her neither better nor happier.

After this there was a gradual falling away from their habitual evening readings, until they were at last entirely discontinued, for Ralph became so interested in his “Positivism” and kindred subjects, that he gave up other literature almost entirely; and, besides, about that time, too, he took to writing for the papers, and had less time for reading, he said. Of course this was not quite pleasant for Mattie; she regretted the loss of her reading and she regretted more Ralph’s being led away by strange doctrines; but she had within her such a well-spring of hope and faith—yes, and charity, too—I may as well give her the whole three—that she could not be gloomy over it, even if she had wished to, which she did not. She said it was perfectly natural that an ardent, enthusiastic mind, like Ralph’s, eager to investigate and acquire, should gather in some tares with the wheat; but that he would be sure to distinguish which was which in time—trust him for that. He was a noble fellow at heart, and wouldn’t go wrong always.

And so she “toiled, and spun,” and nursed, and petted, and cheered the invalid mother, and read snatches of Mrs. Browning, and George Elliot, and Dr. Holland, and Mrs. Whitney, while she plied the churn-dasher or put the baby to sleep, and she prayed a good deal, I think—though that was a matter strictly between herself and her Maker—and amongst it all she kept everything so bright, and cosey, and sunny, that Ralph found it almost impossible to be even decently miserable. Only over his journal. Over that he could pour

out woes by the hour! Woes of which he was happily ignorant until made aware of their existence through the suggestions of his favorite writers. With these suggestions to assist him, nothing could be easier than to make out for himself a genuine case of uncongenial marriage relation.

"He had married young, before he really knew his own mind, or was aware of its vast capacities for loving—married a woman older than himself; a nice, good, little body, to be sure, but wholly beneath him in intellectual status, now that he had become fully matured, and who had proved unable to keep pace with him, or to appreciate him in his higher intellectual pursuits. He loved and respected her in a certain kind of condescending way that he could not help" (but he took vast credit to himself for it, nevertheless). "But, oh! it was hard that he could not have had for a wife some one of those strong, true, brave souls who were startling the world with their noble utterances, who could appreciate, and encourage, and strengthen him in his struggles for a higher and truer life," etc., etc.

Thus he would moulder on to his journal, sitting alone in his "study"—for since he had set up for a literary character he must have his "study," of course—while Mattie sat below stairs, and darned little socks, and patched little aprons, and told little stories, and sung little songs to her little brood of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little ones.

But with all his conscious superiority of intellect, Ralph was glad to avail himself of Mattie's practical knowledge, and he brought his manuscripts to her to read and correct.

"You are a perfect little bundle of rules, you know," he said, as he laid the first one before her.

"And exceptions," put in Mattie.

"I suppose," he continued, "you have all the Rules of Syntax at your tongue's end, while I couldn't repeat one; though you did give me a pretty severe drilling in them when I was a great awkward school-boy. Just see if there is any little matter in the grammar that can be bettered, Mattie; the ideas will pass, I fancy, and are not badly expressed, if I may be allowed to say so; and that is the main point. Your real genius seldom makes much account of grammar. He despairs to work in harness."

"It is lucky for your genius, then, if his wife is not one, too," laughed Mattie.

But she put him right in his moods and tenses, praised his style, and told him she was quite proud of his literary achievement, while he stood with his thumbs in his armholes, back to the fire, and complacently regarded himself in the mirror opposite.

The most of his articles were written for the *Farmer and Dairymen*, the country paper, dealing with subjects of general interest, and were really very creditable productions.

It was not very long after this when a new writer, evidently a woman, appeared occasionally in the *F. and D.* She signed herself "Bee," and attracted some little comment by her style. Her articles were always short, and appeared at irregular intervals, and exhibited only moderate talent

and culture, now and then flashing up in little gleams of sentiment, or subsiding into bits of tender pathos; just such, in fact, as any bright, genial, well-read woman possessing a good common education could write. But Ralph seized upon them at once, and declared that they were the work of a superior mind, either purposely disguised under a garb of rusticity, or else not yet fully developed. He read them to Mattie at first, and was lavish in his praise of them; but she said she was sorry to say she could not discover anything extraordinary in them. "They were well enough, she supposed, but there were plenty of women who could do as well—his sister Augusta, for instance, or—she herself, perhaps."

Ralph laughed a little ironically, and said: "Now, Mattie, don't be absurd! But I never knew a woman yet who could bear to hear another woman praised without showing pique," and went up to his "study," and, feeling in a gushing mood, enjoyed a long, confidential sitting with his journal, in the course of which he indulged in visions of what his life might have been could he have been blessed with the companionship of a woman such as he was sure this unknown "Bee" was. He avoided any further reference to her in Mattie's presence, but he mentioned her quite frequently to his journal; and at last, after due deliberation, he wrote her a short note, saying many complimentary things of her articles, and hoping that he might be so fortunate ere long as to make her acquaintance. "Might he not hope for a reply? And would she not trust him with her real name and address?" He then added a postscript, to the effect that "Mrs. Wallingford, although not so happily gifted in a mental point of view as the 'Bee,' and whose mind was almost entirely absorbed in family matters, would still feel it a great honor to become personally known to a lady of such acknowledged literary abilities."

He did this for the purpose of giving her a hint that there was a Mrs. Wallingford; for he did not wish to appear under false colors, he said, and though Mattie had not authorized him to say anything in her behalf, and was ignorant of the whole thing, in fact, he had said only the truth; she would feel it an honor.

He sent the note under cover to the editor of the *Farmer and Dairymen*, with the request that he would forward it to his fair contributor. He got foolishly impatient, for a man in his position, before the answer came, and when it did it was far from being satisfactory.

The "Bee" was greatly indebted to him for his flattering opinion. "He did her quite too much honor in proposing a personal acquaintance; but her judgment assured her that, under existing circumstances, it would not be wise in her to divulge her real name;" and with a few words of compliment to his own success as a writer, the note closed. He was sure it was written in a feigned hand; at least it was written back-handed; otherwise the form of the letters seemed familiar.

Well, he felt the rebuff keenly; but he thought of her all the more. How he wished he knew what those "existing circumstances" were. Were they unhappy? Nothing she had ever written

would indicate that such was the case, but rather the reverse; though that proved nothing. No one was going to make their private griefs and trials the subjects for newspaper articles. He did not. Far otherwise of course. He finally settled upon the belief—merely because it suited him best to think so—that she was situated very much as he himself was—united to some good, plodding, but unappreciative soul, with whom she could have no real companionship. From that, he began thinking what a mutual help they might be to each other, if he could but overcome her objections to a personal acquaintance. How they might strengthen, and encourage, and sympathize each with the other! And Mattie, too, he said, what a refining and elevating influence the occasional association with such a woman would exert over her. He would write again after awhile, notwithstanding the cool reception with which his first overture had been met.

He did so, and with better success this time. The "Bee" consented to correspond with him in a friendly way, but refused to give him her name. For the present he must address her only as "Bee," and through the editor of the *Farmer and Dairyman*.

For the next few months, scarcely a week passed without the interchange of letters between them; friendly letters, and containing nothing especially interesting in any way; for, now that Ralph had found a "congenial soul" to whom he could "pour out his highest thoughts and be understood," as he exultingly informed his journal, singularly enough he seemed not to have many such thoughts to pour out. He did sometimes indulge in flights of sentimental balderdash and transcendental vaporings, but without meeting with as much encouragement from his correspondent as he had counted upon. In fact, the writing was mostly upon his side throughout, and he often complained that she wrote with a certain stiffness and reserve that did not appear in her newspaper articles; that the latter were more satisfactory to him than many of her private letters. But matters in this respect mended as the weeks passed.

Finally, Ralph ventured the startling thought not strictly original remark—he had seen it somewhere, picked it up in some of his reading—that "he seemed to have known her a long time—*always*, in fact—in some previous state of existence, perhaps." And the "Bee" responded that she, too, "had all the time felt that he was not a stranger;" that she seemed irresistibly drawn toward him from the first; and much more, in the same strain, that was highly pleasing to Ralph, of course.

Next he volunteered her the information that his wife, "though an excellent woman in her way (gunpowder and cannon balls never should force him to say any ill of her) was totally unsatisfactory to him as a companion; that he was emphatically alone, as far as the higher and nobler elements of his being were concerned;" and he was rewarded for his confidence by being told in reply that the "Bee" "could fully sympathize with him in his loneliness, for that her husband was a *conceited*

prig, and a *brute* withal, and neglected her shamefully, and treated her as an inferior at all times."

Then, oh! how Ralph's sympathies did gush! "He knew it! He had *felt* from the first that something of the kind was the case; but they must both be strong, and hopeful, and wait," etc.

Ralph did, once in awhile, ask himself how he would relish it if Mattie were carrying on a correspondence of this nature with a stranger; but he answered it by saying that she would never know it, and—well, he declined to discuss it farther, anyway.

In due time, Ralph again proposed a meeting; and this time the "Bee" readily acquiesced. So it was arranged that, as the annual Fair of the Agricultural Society was to take place in a few weeks, the interview should take place during that time. In the Floral Department of the Agricultural Hall, Ralph was to find the "Bee" standing by one of the north windows, dressed in a gray suit and carrying a blue parasol, and with a white rose in her hand. Time, second day of the fair, 11 o'clock, A. M.

Never, in the spooneyest period of his adolescence, had Ralph labored longer over the parting of his back hair and the tie of his cravat, than he did that same second morning of the fair. Mattie and the four children (for they were all to go that day, rather against Ralph's wishes—but it didn't matter much) were all ready, and in the carriage waiting, the children looking like so many animated blossoms, with their sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, sunny curls and pretty bright dresses, and all chattering and twittering like so many thrushes long before he had given the last admiring glance to his image in the mirror, the last touch to his collar, and the last caressing stroke to his flowing brown beard.

"I shall drive right in, and leave the carriage standing where you can have a good view of the ring," he said to Mattie, as they neared the fair ground; "and you had better remain there with the children this forenoon, and not go through the hall till later in the day; the crowd will be less then, and I can go with you better."

"Oh, never mind me and the children," Mattie replied; "we can take care of ourselves; only, some time during the day, you must come around and go with me to look at the poultry. I want to select some new stock, you know."

How many times Ralph consulted his watch that forenoon it would be hard to guess; but when it warned him that the propitious moment was drawing nigh, he entered the Floral Hall, and walked, as unconcernedly as he could, down toward the northern windows.

Yes, there stood a lady in gray. She was looking out of the window, so that he could not see her face, but one hand, raised and resting against the window casing, held a white rose; so she must be the "Bee," of course.

No! How stupid! That was Mattie! What had sent her there just at that time? And how singular that she should have a white rose! And the children—how absurd!—all had white roses! What did it mean?

Just then Baby Dimple caught sight of him, and

shouted "Pap-pa!" and Mattie turned and looked at him. There was a conscious, half-quizzical look in her face that told him that her presence there was no accident.

"You here, Mattie?" said he, looking exceedingly foolish. "Why, I thought—I didn't—"

"Yes, I know," said Mattie, blushing, "you were looking for some one else, perhaps—but won't five roses do better than one?" Then, seeing that the shot had taken effect, she went on as though nothing was wrong: "O Ralph! there is a lot of Black Spanish out here! Such beauties! Go and look at them now, won't you? I mean to buy a trio. No use of any further *bee hunting*," she whispered. "You've found the whole hive!"

It seemed to Ralph that there was a whole hive in his head, as he lifted Baby Dimple in his arms, and walked beside Mattie down the hall, without comprehending a word of her animated disquisition on the respective merits of White Leghorns, Black Spanish and Brahmans as layers, good mothers or as table fowls.

The only palpable idea in his mind was, that Mattie was a perfect little "brick," to behave with so much tact and coolness, instead of making a fool of herself, as many women would.

Not an inkling of the real truth illumined his mind all that long afternoon. The "Bee" had betrayed him to Mattie, and they had arranged between them for her, Mattie, to meet him. That was the interpretation he put upon the matter—or, stay! perhaps Mattie had intercepted their letters! Any how, his feelings were, to say the very least, anything but agreeable for the remainder of the day.

That evening, after the children were disposed of in their beds, and the mother was made comfortable for the night, Ralph and Mattie had an explanation.

"Am I to believe, then," said Ralph, pausing in his troubled walk about the room and confronting Mattie, where she sat in her low rocker, looking so keenly alive to the painfulness of his position that she had quite as much the appearance of being the culprit in the case as he, "am I to believe that you are the writer of those articles in the *Farmer and Dairyman*—those articles signed 'Bee'?"

"Yes, Ralph," she answered; and then, as if to apologize, she continued: "You see, I never should have thought of doing such a thing, but for looking over your manuscripts. One day, when I had one of them before me, it occurred to me that I could do as well as that, if I only had a chance, and I had a mind to try. So, by snatching a few minutes at a time—I could think them out about my work, you know—whenever I could, I wrote the first. It seemed so different when it came to be written, though, that I hardly had the face to send it to the paper; and I was almost sure it would never be printed; but after that was so well received, I felt encouraged to keep on. It was a kind of recreation, you see."

"But there was no reason why I should have been kept in the dark about them," said Ralph, glad that there was something of which he could complain. "You read all of mine before they

were published, you might have been as open with me, I think."

"Yes, but you know, Ralph, you ridiculed the idea of my being able to write; and I felt a trifle hurt about it, and then—well, I think *you* have not been *quite* open with me, Ralph, in all things."

Ralph dropped his head and continued his walk.

"And those letters!" he said, with an effort, after waiting in the hope that she would introduce the subject of them; for he was determined to have a full and decisive overhauling of the whole matter, and know at once, and for all, just in what degree he stood committed in her judgment.

"Oh, those letters!" she interrupted, eagerly; "I know nothing about *them*, I am glad to say. I had nothing to do with them save the first short note in reply to your first—Augusta wrote all the others."

"Augusta?" he repeated, immensely relieved, for "conceited prig," "brute," etc., etc., had been rankling in his mind for sometime. They sounded so like Augusta; and he did hope Mattie did not think quite so meanly of him as that.

"Yes," Mattie continued, "Gusty happened to come here the very day I got your second letter, and without considering very much about it, I let her read it. You see, I intended then to confess the whole to you in a little while, and should have done so, but for her—she said it was too good a chance to teach you a lesson. There was nothing so good for a man when he had started out to make a fool of himself as to help him along with it, till he had gone far enough and then bring him up short in it. Those were *her* words, Ralph—you know how she is always rating you for what she calls your self-conceit; and she said she would like to take some of it out of you. She wanted me to propose to correspond with you; and when I told her that I couldn't, and wouldn't, she said then she would—she lives so convenient to the office of the paper, you know, that she could arrange all that with the editor without difficulty—and so, after awhile, I consented, more for the *fun* of the thing than anything else. I only stipulated that she should burn your letters as soon as she had read them, and never tell me one word of their contents. You see," she went on, in answer to Ralph's look of inquiry, hesitating and looking down at the same time, "I didn't know what you might be led on to say—I knew that your mind wasn't—" (Ralph winced) "I didn't know but you might be betrayed into saying something that you would regret sometime, and that it would be better for me not to know; and I knew that Gusty, although she pretends to scold you, is wholly devoted to you, so that anything you might say would be perfectly safe with her."

"But had you no curiosity?" Ralph asked.

"Lots!" Mattie replied, laughing. "That was why I made her promise to burn the letters and not tell me. I was afraid that I might sometime coax it out of her, in spite of my better judgment."

"And do you actually know nothing of what those letters contained?" asked Ralph, intensely relieved. "Hasn't Gusty told you anything?"

and he thought of the many disparaging things he had written of this staunch, true little woman and for which he now felt almost capable of cutting off the hand that had done it and spurning it from him.

"Only one thing," replied Mattie, smiling, in spite of herself, "and that, she said, amused her so much that she must tell me. She said that you said that it 'seemed as though you must have known her for a long time—far back in the past,' or something like that. She said she could hardly refrain from answering that she had a very distinct recollection of *you* in bibs and a species of underclothing which she would not designate, whether you really remembered *her* or *not*."

Ralph sat with his head bowed, whistling softly and thoughtfully for a while, his fingers pulling at his beard, and then he said, with a half laugh: "Well, every man must be a fool once in his life, I suppose. Better now than later, perhaps."

And now, if any one supposes that I am going on to tell all that was said between them in regard to this foolish affair, they are mistaken. I might "point the moral," and enlarge upon the foolishness and sinfulness of prizes only that which is beyond our reach and, probably, above our deserts, while we overlook, or neglect, or undervalue the blessings which surround us in our daily walk; but I shall do no such thing, for I have made my story quite long enough; and shall only add that, from that time forth, Ralph better appreciated his bright little wife, and that, like the heroes and heroines in the old nursery tales, "they lived happy ever after."

FROM A WIFE'S HISTORY.

BY ISADORE ROGERS.

(Concluded.)

AND so, after much discussion, it was decided before they returned to their homes. "Most faithfully did Annie care for Henry during his illness, and it is in a great measure to her that we are indebted for his restoration to health and strength, and as anything that would weigh upon her mind would retard her recovery more than half a dozen physical causes, we must carefully guard against anything that she might construe into indifference," said Mr. Willis, meditatively, and accordingly he took care that Henry carried some little present to her every day; a vase of flowers, or a plate of fruit, and many things of no cost whatever, but speaking to her of her husband's thoughtful tenderness, and, therefore, enough.

Mrs. Allen remained with her daughter a few days, and when she thought her presence no longer necessary, she left her, with a competent woman to attend to the household duties and, with Henry's assistance, to care for Annie.

She soon noticed that he did not anticipate her wants, as she had done for him, but, "it is men's way," she thought.

"Henry, I should like some water," she said, one day, as he sat reading in her room.

He rose and handed her a glass that the woman

had brought in a couple of hours before. She could not drink it, and, after tasting it, she placed it upon the table beside her bed. She was astonished. She was not in the habit of remembering what she did for others, but she could not help knowing how particular she had been that only the freshest water should be offered to him.

She waited a few minutes, while he sat carelessly looking out of the window, and then said: "Henry, I would like a glass of *cold* water, if you please, this has been in the room for some time."

He went to the door and called to the woman who was busy in the kitchen to bring some water.

"Why don't he get it himself?" muttered the woman, "as if I didn't have enough to do without waiting upon him! I guess by the time he drinks that he'll think it is cheaper to wait upon himself," and she filled a glass from a pail that had been standing near the stove for several hours and gave it to him.

It was warm enough to be nauseating, but Henry went back to his seat without noticing the look of disappointment that passed over her pale face. It was only a trifle, to be sure, but it savored of indifference.

"For a long time after we were married, whenever James entered the room where I was he always looked up with a smile; after a while he ceased to do so. It was a very little matter, but you don't know how badly I felt," said a lady of my acquaintance, some years ago. Hers was no selfish and exacting nature, but she had given her youth, beauty and tenderest affection to him, and to her that smile had expressed *so much*, and the pain which she experienced when its light was withdrawn can be understood only by similar natures.

Annie turned her face away that he might not see the tears that would escape in spite of all her efforts to control them. "It is because I am so weak that I feel so," she kept saying to herself. "I ought to be ashamed to cry about such a trifles when he has been so thoughtful all through my illness. The room is filled with the odor of bouquets now which he has brought me, and this is the first time that he has been careless, too."

Poor little Annie! console yourself with such reflections if you can, but it was the first time that anything had been required of him.

Annie recovered her strength very slowly. It seemed as though every time anything was required of Henry it was performed in such a careless and indifferent manner that it was with difficulty that she could restrain her tears until he was gone. I have no sympathy for the self-willed woman who bursts into tears for the purpose of carrying her point in the absence of a better argument, and thus sacrifices a judgment superior to her own by trampling reason into the dust; but the young wife whose ignorance and inexperience concerning the ways of the world has led her to believe that her husband would never differ from the devoted lover, weeping in silence and solitude over the discovery that her idol is broken and neglected and indifference are slowly crowding their unwelcome forms upon the altar consecrated to love and tenderness, is an unpleasant picture to

contemplate. Had it not been for the little tokens of remembrance which he continued to bring each day, Annie might have imagined that he was growing less fond of her, but she always glanced at the well-filled vases to reassure herself, and attributed it all to her own weakness, and consoled herself with the thought that it would all seem right again when she became strong.

"I shall be glad when you are able to be about the house again," Henry said one day. "I am tired of such housekeeping. Nothing is in order; and the dinners are never to my liking."

Now the real grounds of complaint which Henry had against the housekeeper were, that she did not make his convenience the sole object and aim for which she lived. She did not take the trouble to ask him what kind of flavoring he preferred in his pudding, nor whether she should bake mince or apple pies, and was guilty of various other offences quite as criminal.

Accordingly, as soon as Annie thought she could endure it, and before she was really able to do so, she dismissed the woman and resumed her household duties; but she had never been strong since Henry's illness; and with the additional care of her child, her strength was tasked to the utmost to keep the house in the exact order to which it was accustomed; but he never seemed to realize that there was any reason why she should take fewer steps for him.

She was sitting in an upper room one day, where she often sat with her babe and her sewing, because it overlooked the street along which he passed on his way home, when Henry came home much earlier than usual.

"We were not very busy to-day, and I thought I might as well come home," he said, throwing down his newspaper, and taking the baby from her and tossing him about the room.

What a relief it was! Annie sat watching the strong arms almost enviously as they carried the little one about without minding his weight any more than a feather, while her own ached so that she could hardly hold him.

"Just bring my slippers up, Annie, and I'll sit here awhile; this room seems so refreshing after coming from the hot, dusty street."

Annie departed in search of the desired articles; but only the weak and tired mother who drags herself about to perform her part in the domestic economy, because she knows that her husband's resources will not permit him to procure help without exercising a more rigid economy in some other direction, knows how wearily she climbed the steps with those slippers.

By that time, Henry had played with the babe as long as he cared to, and he gave him back to the mother's tired arms, saying: "We will have tea earlier than usual to-night, Annie; I may want to take a walk afterward."

"I don't think I am quite so strong as I used to be, Henry," she said, faintly, lingering near the door before descending to the kitchen.

"No, of course not; you couldn't expect to be, with that great heavy boy," he said, carelessly unfolding his paper and sitting down by the open window.

"I will put the baby in his crib and leave him with you while I am preparing tea," she said.

It was not long before the little one missed his mother's presence and began to fret. Henry paid no attention to it, until the noise disturbed him, and then he went to the door and called Annie to come and get him. Again Annie wearily ascended the stairs, and, carrying the child down, she finished setting the table with him in her arms.

Well would it have been for Annie if the delusion which had cast its sunshine over her married life could have lasted forever. During the first year, when she was well and strong, she had never noticed that it was only her feet that had always been ready to run upon willing errands, and she never realized how constantly she had waited upon him, until her strength had been so reduced that every extra errand which he called upon her for seemed like a direct taxation.

No person can wear a mask forever, and no great fraud can stand the test of time; and sooner or later must every person's character be revealed in its true light.

Old Mr. Willis determined to spend a few weeks among the hills of New England with the friends of his boyhood, and very soon after his departure Annie began to miss the little presents which had always reassured her of her husband's unceasing devotion, whenever little acts of negligence and carelessness had shaken her faith in his infallibility. No more lovely bouquets, put together with a clumsy hand, perhaps, but speaking to her in the language of affectionate tenderness, and just as precious as though an artist's hand had culled them, found their way to the vases in the little sitting-room.

She missed these little tokens sadly; and one evening, when he had been unusually exacting, she said: "I fear you are not so fond of me as you used to be, Henry. It has been a long time since you brought me any flowers, and you know that you used to bring them every day."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "I brought them just to humor father; he was always bringing in handfuls of trash for me to bring to you; partly, I suppose, because he thought you young enough to care for such things, and partly because he was childish himself."

"You don't mean to tell me that it is to him that I am indebted for all the little tokens that have made me so happy, and which I have prized so much!" she exclaimed, in a tone of utter astonishment and incredulity, and with the look of one who is suddenly threatened with some great calamity.

"And you don't mean to tell me that you really thought that I had been gathering flowers all summer like a school-boy, do you?" he asked.

"But the other little presents that I have received originated with you, surely? Don't tell me that I have been entirely deceived, Henry," she said, pleadingly. "You bought the parasol, and the vases, and that lovely sash. Only tell me that some of them were your gifts."

"Why, Annie, you are almost childish," he said. "What difference does it make who sent them, as long as you have them? You remind

me of a child that refuses to drink because some other than its mother offers it."

Annie made no reply. She went out and sat alone under the shadow of the maples until the deepening twilight darkened around her, but a deeper gloom had settled upon her heart. The crickets chirruped in the grass, the katydids sang in the trees overhead and the night-birds whistled in the distant grove, just as they had done before, when her heart was light and beat in joyous unison with nature's melody; but she heard them not. There was a deep, crushing pain at her heart, and she felt as though all the light, and poetry, and music had suddenly been shut out of her life, leaving only a dark and gloomy reality. For more than an hour she sat there, vainly trying to persuade herself that she really *was* childish, and that it was unwomanly to care so much for the manifestation of her husband's regard, but the living facts were before her, and she could not ignore their existence. She knew that she was devoting herself with untiring zeal, weeping her life away in his service, and she knew that it would cost him but very little to give her the happiness of his appreciation.

After a while she heard him calling, "Annie, the baby is awake." She arose and went in.

"When will you cease to care for such trifles, Annie?" he asked, as she passed him without speaking and took up her child.

"When I cease to care for you," she said, bitterly, as she pressed her babe to her bosom, with the thought that *he, at least, was just what he seemed, her own precious child.*

"Confound the women!" muttered Henry. "There's no understanding them. I never knew Annie to have the sulks before. If it was a new bonnet that she was pouting for, I could comprehend it."

Annie went about her household duties the next morning as usual. Everything was in the same exact order, the toast had that same shade of brown that suited his fancy, the coffee the same delicious taste and flavor; and if Annie scarcely tasted her food, and looked paler and graver than usual, her husband did not notice it, but the buoyancy of her step was gone, and the bird-like music of her voice was changed for more subdued and quiet tones, as she hushed her child to slumber. I am not going to tell how she pined away and died, leaving her little one to grow to manhood without a mother's tender care and guiding influence, for Annie was not one of that kind. She felt that the child had claims upon her which she could not lightly set aside.

"Precious darling," she would say, "what would his mother do without him?" and had every other blessing been removed, she would have clung to life for his sake alone.

So far she had done everything for her husband's comfort and convenience that a loving heart could suggest without a thought of duty; that which could contribute to his happiness had been her pleasure, but before another year had passed, she was doing him the same service from a sense of duty.

Many, *very many* times, the old longing for

tenderness, and sympathy, and appreciation, came surging back to her heart with an almost overwhelming force, and she would exert herself to the utmost to perform some extra service for him, in the hope of calling forth some word of praise or commendation, but he always received presents which had cost her weeks of patient labor, in the same matter-of-fact kind of a way that he sat down to his dinner; and in time she gave it up entirely and devoted herself to her children with all the unbound love of her generous nature.

When Mr. Willis came home, he called to see Annie and the baby. How glad she was to see his friend face again.

"You didn't forget me, father. I knew you wouldn't," she said, as he displayed the little presents which he had brought; toys for the baby, and a real sensible book for Annie, which he said no woman in a dozen would read, because it contained more sense than fashion.

"Let me thank you for the many little presents which you have sent me," she said, opening a drawer half filled with faded bouquets. "They have made me very happy, and I would not have you think I have been ungrateful because I never expressed my thanks before."

"Sacred shadow of goodness, child! Who in creation told you that I sent all that trash?"

"I learned it from Henry," she said.

He looked at her attentively for a moment and he saw it all, and Annie felt that she stood in the presence of the only living person that fully understood her.

"Annie," he said, "when the beggar passes by the rich man's door and sees the petted house-dog turn away from food that he would be glad and thankful to receive, he wonders why it is that life and health-giving food should be spurned by a brute when human beings are suffering for the want of it. Just so we find it all through life; and we are continually asking why our lives must be robbed of their beauty, and poetry, and sunshine, and forbidden to wear that which is beautiful and lovely, when beauty and loveliness would only add to its happiness without marring its usefulness. But so it is; and we must take life as it is, and not as it should be, and when we have particularly set our hearts upon one source of happiness, and it fails, we must not sink by the way, but cultivate another. Henry is my eldest, and my pride, but I am not insensible to his faults, and knowing that you have a keener sensitiveness than most women, I would not have you wounded. Henry is not very demonstrative, but he knows perfectly well that he is happier with you than he would be with any other. But have a care that you do not wear yourself out before your time, but preserve your health and strength that you may live to be a blessing to your family."

Four years passed away, and two happy, winsome boys played about the house and a lovely little daughter slumbered in the crib. Henry had never seemed to consider that any care of the children rightfully devolved upon him, or that she had less time to devote to his especial convenience on account of her additional cares. She soothed and watched the little ones through long, restless

nights, while he enjoyed the healthful refreshment of unbroken slumber, and then in the morning called upon her to take steps for him which he was far better able to take for himself.

But this conduct was slowly developing an element in Annie's nature very dangerous to the absolute monarchy which he had set up for himself.

He came in one day after her preparations for dinner were all made, and she had commenced the ironing, rocking with her foot the crib containing the teething and fretful baby, or stopping her work to take it in her arms when it would not remain quiet.

"Annie," he said, seating himself in an easy chair on the porch and lighting a cigar. "I want my favorite pudding for dinner."

"It will take some time to make it," she answered. "Will you take the baby and keep her there in the cool, fresh air while I am about it?"

"Oh, put her in the crib," he said. "This is about all the leisure time that I shall have to-day, and I don't want to be bothered. It is different with you, you know. You cannot keep busy all the time, because you are obliged to stop and take the baby often enough to keep you from getting tired, and it keeps your work from becoming monotonous."

"Father, I am tired of chopping wood," said a boy, after spending several hours at this boyish exercise.

"Well, my son, I don't wish to be at all hard with you; if you are tired *chopping wood* you may *split rails!*" replied the indulgent parent.

And this is very much the same relation that ordinary labor bears to taking care of a fretful child.

Annie went to put the little one down, but it clung to her neck with a moaning cry; and as it pressed its fevered cheek against her own, all the mother's tenderness was roused.

"To which do I owe the strongest duty?" she asked herself. "To the helpless child or the selfish man?"

And the spirit of justice answered: "If I see fit to deny myself, to sacrifice my own comfort and convenience to add to his enjoyment, it is my privilege to do so; but my helpless children have claims upon me which I have no right to disregard."

She brought her low rocking-chair out upon the porch into the cool, blossom-scented air, and rocked and soothed the little one until it was lulled into a quiet and refreshing slumber. It was then too late to make the pudding, and she prepared the dinner without it.

"Why, Annie, this is only a common rice pudding! Where is the one that I ordered?" he asked, after tasting that which she had prepared before he came.

"I did not make it," she said.

"Did not make it!" he echoed, in astonishment. "And why not, may I ask?"

"Because I could not without neglecting my child, which I could not conscientiously do," she answered.

"Do you mean to tell me that my wishes are to be made a secondary consideration in my own house, and my children preferred before me?" he asked, sternly.

"I shall not neglect my duty to you to give them more than their due; neither will I neglect a sick child to minister to the unimportant wishes of a strong man," she said, quietly but firmly.

Henry was silent with amazement. He cast occasional furtive glances toward her, and even went so far as to place his hand upon her head before he went away, to see if it was not heated by fever.

"Father," he said, soon after he reached the store, "is there any insanity in Annie's family?"

"Not as far back as my knowledge extends. But why do you ask?"

"Annie has acted very strangely to-day, and manifested a disposition entirely foreign to her nature. You know that she is not one of the kind that takes tantrums. I never knew her to be at all unreasonable, with one exception, and that was while you were in New England. It was just because I told her that I did not gather all those flowers that you had been sending her."

"Ah, my son, I fear that you inflicted a deeper wound than you knew, and which your conduct since has not been of a nature to heal. Now tell me just what Annie did."

"She acted very strangely."

"Well, what did she do? Perhaps your own acts had something to do with it."

"No, I gave her no reason for such strange behavior."

And all Mr. Willis's questioning could not elicit the real nature of the difficulty; so he walked over to his son's residence, determined to inquire for himself.

"Are you well, Annie?" he asked, anxiously, as he took the boys upon his knee and looked inquiringly at the mother.

"Quite well, I thank you," said Annie, somewhat puzzled at his manner.

"You look well enough, only somewhat tired and worn. Nothing serious, I hope? Henry thought you were ill. What made him think so?"

Annie smiled at the construction which her husband had put upon her conduct.

"Perhaps I have been a little wilful, father," she said; "but I will tell you all about it." And she did so.

"Good! good!" exclaimed the old gentleman, jumping up and tossing the little girl up among the flowers. "Henry thought you were crazy! No wonder he wouldn't tell me what the matter was, the precious rogue! Get crazy again, Annie, and stay so if you want to; I'll be responsible for the damages! Stick to it. Take care of the little ones. Henry is old enough and knows enough to take care of himself. So do you take care of yourself and the children, and then you will all be cared for."

"Henry, are you *totally, hopelessly blind?*" asked Mr. Willis, after returning to the store. "Will nothing less than a miracle open your eyes to the

fact that you are forfeiting the esteem and alienating the affections of one of the purest, truest and noblest women that ever blessed the home of a mortal man?"

A sudden feeling of apprehension seized Henry. "You don't anticipate anything serious, do you, father?" he said.

"*Serious!*" exclaimed the old gentleman, sternly. "Do you call it '*nothing serious*' to wreck the happiness, blight the life and sadden the heart of the truest woman that ever graced God's footstool?"

"I am sure I never meant to do so," Henry answered, awed by the unusual earnestness of his father's manner.

"No, you never meant to; you never thought of it; but, Henry, for Heaven's sake do think. I know that you are well aware of the fact that her presence is indispensable to your happiness; but what return have you given for her generous, self-sacrificing devotion? Have your sympathies soothed her sorrows, lessened her cares and lightened her labors? Have you been faithful to the promises and true to the arguments by which you induced her to take the rash step which committed her happiness to your keeping forever? Have you even borne your share of the domestic burdens which belong to every household? Are you perfectly sure that she never looks hopelessly, longingly back to the time when her life was separate and free from yours, and the cares of the wife and mother were but vague mists of the future? In reality, such hearts as Annie's know no change. If your own conduct had not wrought it, she would meet you at the door to-day with the same lovelight in her eyes, and welcome upon her lips, that she did through the first summer of your marriage. But how is it now? Think, I beseech you, Henry, and if in any remote and unfathomed corner of your heart there is one chord of sympathy and tenderness that can be made to vibrate, go home to your true and unselfish wife, and try to win back the love that you have so thoughtlessly periled."

Mr. Willis withdrew from the private office in which Henry was writing, and left his son to his own reflections. The father's words had awakened a train of thought that was entirely new to him. For once, the better feelings of his nature were aroused, and memories painful and bitter crowded upon him. He sat down by an open window, and, leaning his head upon his hands, abandoned himself to unpleasant recollections. He remembered occasions when Annie's dark, soul-lit eyes had been fixed upon his face with a sad, pleading expression which he did not understand, and when he thought of it now, he wondered that his heart, wrapped as it was in his own unthinking selfishness, had not melted beneath the gaze.

"Had he really forfeited her esteem and confidence? Did she no longer look upon him with the old time love and tenderness? There certainly was a change in her manner since that first year; but he had never given it any other construction than that she was older and more womanly; but could it be that she was performing all the duties of the true and faithful wife from a mere sense of duty,

with her life, as far as he was concerned, as barren as the sunscorched sands of Sahara, with her children to bloom as the only bright oases in the desolate desert? Perhaps her love for him was already beyond recall." The thought filled him with a strange feeling of jealous tenderness.

"I will begin the work of reconciliation this very hour!" he exclaimed, starting up impulsively and hurrying homeward.

Annie was busy with her ironing when he arrived, and he stood at the door unobserved, watching the "angel of the household," as he mentally called her, as she ran the iron over the snowy clothes, and neatly and carefully folded the little garments. She wore a simple calico dress, prettily and tastefully made, a tidy-looking apron and faultless color. Her hair hung in wavy curls, fastened back from her pure, sweet face with a narrow ribbon, and ornamented by a single bud, which she had broken from the bush growing by the door.

Truly it was a picture that an artist's eye might love to gaze upon. The snug little room in perfect order, the wife busy with her domestic duties, and the husband, a type of manly strength and beauty, gazing lovingly and admiringly at the pretty girlish figure before him.

"Ironing yet, Annie?" he said; when, as if by some magnetic influence, made aware of his presence, she turned her face toward him. He advanced toward her, and, placing his arm around her waist, drew her to a seat upon his knee, saying: "You look tired, dear; sit down and rest yourself."

She looked into his face with an expression of surprise and inquiry.

"I have come, Annie," he said, "to acknowledge myself the selfish cause of the only stern word that has ever passed between us."

The unlooked-for concession, the unexpected caress and unusual tenderness of his manner, and, above all, the sudden conviction that love and sympathy were not mere delusive dreams of the past, were too much for her self-possession, and leaning her head upon his shoulder, she sobbed for a few moments so violently that Henry was frightened.

"Don't, Annie," he said; "don't bring me to any deeper realization of my own unworthiness." And then, when her agitation had somewhat subsided, he said: "I have never been insensible to your excellence, Annie; my fault has been in always receiving and never giving. All the requirements of my own nature were fully satisfied, and I lived on, unconscious of the existence of a purer, more refined and ethereal element in yours that was slowly famishing for the sustenance that I so selfishly yet so ignorantly withheld; but if you can only give me back the love and confidence that I know that I have justly forfeited, I promise that that this shadow never shall darken your life again."

"The lamb hath conquered the lion," thought old Mr. Willis, as he walked up the shaded path that evening, and saw Henry amusing the infant, while Annie busied herself with her household duties, and when she met him, as she always did,

with a glad, welcoming smile, he added, as he saw the holy, happy light in her eyes, "At last the troubled waters are at rest." And so let them rest, until the constant flight of happy years shall have opened the gateway of eternity.

FARMER BRILL'S NEW PLEASURE.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

FARMER BRILL had been a hard-working, industrious man, and now, in his later years, he was enjoying the fruit of his well-directed toil; but not in the large measure that might have been his if he had known how to get the most from his possessions. The farmer had worked narrowly all his life, and now he was trying to enjoy himself narrowly, still hoping to find pleasure in receiving instead of giving. He did feel less kindly toward his neighbors than he should have felt, for he had never been so kind and helpful toward them as he should have been, and the consequence was that a great deal of coldness and ill-will lay between him and some of these neighbors. The origin of this ill-will could be traced, in most instances, to some denial of a service or favor asked in bygone time. Farmer Brill was a staunch believer in the doctrine of self-help; he asked no favors, and gave none, except grudgingly and with a bad grace. And yet, hidden away down in his heart and covered over by selfishness and the love of gain, was an element of kindness that often stirred his nature, and tried to assert itself in action.

The farmer sat in his shady porch one lovely autumn day, trying to enjoy himself. His fields had been reaped, and his barns held the treasures of golden grain which the generous earth had given him. All around him bent fruit-laden branches, and the air was musical with bees gathering honey for his hives. But, somehow, he was not happy. A neighbor rode past, and bowed to him coldly.

"Miserable fellow!" said the farmer in his heart. "I can't bear the sight of him."

Another went by, and the farmer turned his head so that no sign of recognition might pass between them. He knew this man to be in trouble, and he never cared to have anything to do with men in difficulties, they were apt to want help or favors, and to be offended when denied them.

Then the voice of a child called to him from the road: "Can't I have some apples, Mr. Brill?"

"No, you can't!" growled the farmer. "Off with you! I don't believe in beggars."

The last sentence was spoken to himself, half in excuse and half in repentance for the selfishness and ill-nature he had betrayed.

Farmer Brill did not feel any more comfortable after this. The frightened look of the child, as he added a threatening gesture to his hard speech, remained with him, and he could not shut it from his eyes, turn them which way he would. Nor did he see them less distinctly when he shut his eyes and hung his chin upon his breast. Just how long he had remained in this attitude the

farmer could not say, when a click from the latch on the gate caused him to look up, and he saw a little woman in plain attire advancing up the walk. She was a stranger, and yet there was something familiar about her. The freedom and plainness of speech with which she at once addressed him did not so much surprise as shame the farmer.

"It was not well of thee, friend Brill, to deny with harsh words, the request of a child. Thy trees are laden with fruit, and the ground is covered with thy unused abundance. Thee might have given the child one little apple."

The woman stood with her calm, accusing eyes fixed on the farmer's face; they seemed to penetrate his soul, and to read his very thoughts.

"No, it was not well of thee, friend Brill," she repeated.

"I hate begging," answered the farmer, rallying himself.

"That was not common begging, and thee knows it," replied the stranger.

"The child's father should have had fruit on his own trees. But he was too idle to plant them, and now his children go begging of his neighbors."

"That is not his children's fault. If the poor little ones are hungry for apples, and thee has more than thee can use, why shall thee not be a better father in regard for them than he who is of their own flesh and blood? Would thee not give thy own children apples?"

"My own children! That is another thing. I have taken care of my own children."

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and all we are His children," answered the little woman. "He gives in charge to some His broad grain fields and fruitful orchards, that they may fill barns and storehouses, and lay up food for the hungry and seed for the sower, so that His people die not for lack of bread. Does thee think that thy trees bear fruit and thy fields give their harvests for thee alone? If thee does, thee has not understood the ways of God with men."

The farmer did not reply. He was dumb in the presence of the stranger; dumb because of sudden convictions, and a new light breaking into his soul that blinded and bewildered him.

"Thee has thought and cared only for thyself and for thy own until now," said his visitor, "but there is a truer and a better life before thee. Thee must grow broader and more generous. Thee must become a giver instead of only a receiver of good things. Thee must learn the meaning of that wise saying, 'To give is to live.' Will thee not go with me?"

And the little woman turned from the porch, Farmer Brill rising and following her.

"Thee must bring a basket of apples with thee," said the woman, pausing at the gate.

The farmer filled a great basket, and took it on his arm.

"It is so kind of you, sir!" said the weary-looking woman in whose poor little home he set down the basket. And her grateful looks and tones sent to his heart a feeling of warmth and pleasure, purer and deeper than he had known for a long, long time.

"Thee understands, now," said his companion,

* From the *Metropolitan*.

as they left the cottage, what a true, sweet life thee may live, if thee will. God has given thee of His earthly bounties more than a hundred-fold beyond thy own needs, and leisure to care for thy neighbors, and health in thy declining years. And yet, thee is not happy. Why? Thee is still trying to live for thyself alone."

The words of the speaker died on Farmer Brill's ears; and at the same instant another voice roused him to another presence. It was that of his wife.

"How sound asleep you were, Andrew! I don't like to have you sleep so heavily in the daytime. It isn't good."

The farmer started up with a bewildered air.

"Why, Andrew! What ails you? What have you been dreaming about?"

"Oh! it was a dream! Yes, I see. Dreams are strange things."

And the farmer settled himself back in his chair, and dropped his chin upon his bosom, not to sleep again, for he was very wide-awake now, but to ponder on what he had heard from the lips of the monitor, who had come to him in a vision.

As his wife went back into the house, Farmer Brill heard the sound of a horse's feet in the road, and looking up saw one of his neighbors a little way off. It was now over five years since he had denied some trifling favor to this man, and there had been coldness between them ever since. At sight of him the farmer had an uncomfortable feeling, and dropped his eyes, intending not to see him. But this only made him feel the more uncomfortable. So, with a self-compelling effort, he rose from his seat, and, walking out through the gate that opened upon the road, met his neighbor, saying in as cordial a tone as he could introduce into his voice: "Good morning, Mr. Holden."

"Good morning, Mr. Brill," returned the neighbor, a little surprised at this unusual friendliness. He drew up his horse, and leaning down took the farmer's offered hand.

"How is Mrs. Holden?"

"Well, thank you! And how is Mrs. Brill?"

"Hearty for one of her years."

"And your own health?"

"Can't complain. A little stiff with rheumatism, sometimes; but I suppose I ought to be thankful that my limbs are not all twisted out of shape like poor John Gardner's. By the way, how is Gardner?"

"Very badly off," replied the neighbor, with pity in his voice. "Has not been able to do a day's work these two months."

"Is that so? Poor fellow!" Farmer Brill dropped his eye to the ground and stood thinking. And then the words he had heard in his dream began repeating themselves in his thoughts.

"He gives to some his broad grain fields and fruitful orchards, that they may fill barns and storerooms, and lay up food for the hungry and seed for the sower, that his people die not for lack of bread. God has given thee of His earthly bounties more than a hundred-fold beyond thy own need, and leisure to care for thy neighbors, and health in thy declining years. And yet thee

is not happy, for thee is still trying to live for thyself alone."

"How does he live?" asked the farmer, raising his eyes from the ground and looking up into his neighbor's face.

"His family would have suffered in many ways, and his children gone often hungry to bed, if some of us had not looked after him."

"I had no idea it was so bad," said the farmer. "Hungry children! I can't stand that. I must go and see him."

"I wish you would. It's a real case of charity."

"I'll go right off," said the farmer, turning away and going back into the house.

"I wonder what's come over the old man?" So the neighbor mused as he rode away. "Hope he is not going to die. I always thought he had a tender place somewhere in his heart if one only knew how to find it. He was a right generous sort of a fellow when a young man, but he was thrifty, and thrift seemed to harden him."

Half an hour afterward Farmer Brill drove off in his light wagon. There was a marvelous change in the expression of his fine old face. His eyes had a new luster in them, and the kindlier temper of his blood was softening and warming all the hard lines that had compressed themselves about his mouth, and cut down rigidly between his brows, giving them a nobler and deeper human sentiment. In his wagon was a bag of flour, a bushel of potatoes, a side of bacon, and twenty pounds of salt pork, beside corn meal and apples.

When Farmer Brill returned, his heart was so light that it gave a new buoyancy to his body, and instead of moping about or sitting half-stupidly in his arm-chair, he went bustling in and out in a cheery way, and talked to his wife of this neighbor and that with a kindly interest altogether new.

"It is more blessed to give, *sometimes*, than to receive," said Mrs. Brill to her husband, as he told her, with a new quality of pleasure in his voice, about his visit to Mr. Gardner and his family.

"It may be *always*," he answered, to her surprise. "It must be," he added, after a hesitating pause, "if our Saviour's words be true, for he puts in no qualifying 'sometimes'."

The old man sat very still, with a sober, in-looking expression on his face.

"He knew best, Andrew; but very few of us live as if we thought He did."

The farmer's sleep was not so sound that night as usual; thought was too busy. Not that he was troubled, for the pleasure that came with ministering to his stricken neighbor had gone too deep, and filled his heart too largely to leave room for trouble. He was thinking out of himself—a rare experience for Farmer Brill; thinking of some of his neighbors, and how he might serve them at little cost to his hoarded substance. It was too early in the new state, upon which he had really entered, to count much cost against himself.

The farmer rose on the next morning feeling like a new man. The rest and comfort of mind which had come as the reward of kindness to John Gardner still remained. Good-will to others

is rarely satisfied with a single service. It was so in this case. The family of his sick and helpless neighbor had other needs than that of food. He had seen the half-clad children, and the wife's worn and scanty clothing, and the picture remained with him.

"Can't you send Mrs. Gardner an old dress or two?" said Mr. Brill to his wife, as they sat at the breakfast-table. "She needs them badly. If you'll make up a bundle of things for her and the children, I'll hitch up and take them over. You'll know what they want."

Mrs. Brill was not the woman to say "No" to a suggestion like this. She soon had a bundle of clothing ready for her husband, and off he went again on an errand of mercy, with a glee and warmth in his bosom that sent a feeling of delight along every nerve. How cordial were all the greetings he gave to passing neighbors! He forgot old grudges and coldnesses, and drew up his horse more than once to have a chat with the individuals whom he had passed the day before with only an indifferent nod.

He sat for over an hour with John Gardner, talking about old times—both had grown up in the neighborhood—and learned many things he might have learned before that interested him deeply about the life of the poor man, and that aroused his sympathies.

"Don't get down-hearted," were his parting words, at the close of his visit. "We'll see that you're taken care of until the doctor drives out your old malady."

The grateful looks and tones in which the man expressed his thankfulness lived with the farmer as pleasant memories long afterward.

"Thomas," said Mr. Brill to his hired man, on returning home, "take a bushel basket out into the orchard and fill it with the largest and soundest apples that have fallen from the trees."

"Yes, sir. And what shall I do with them?"

"Bring them here, and I'll tell you."

"Here they are, sir," said the hired man, ten minutes afterward.

"Very well. Now carry them down to Widow Sloan, and give her my compliments, and say to her that if she wishes to pare and dry a lot for winter she can have as many as she wants."

Thomas opened his eyes a little wider than usual, and with a "Thank'ee, sir," as if he were the one who had received a favor, swung the basket to his shoulder, and went off with a springy step, in marked contrast with his ordinary slow, heavy movement.

The unexpected promptness and cheerfulness with which his hired man seconded this thoughtful kindness toward the widow was another element of satisfaction. Thomas was apt to be a little cross at times, and especially when called upon for some unusual service; and Mr. Brill had looked for a cloudy face and a sullen manner when he gave his order. He gazed after the man as he went hurrying away, wondering at his changed demeanor. He was still sitting in the porch when Thomas returned.

"Well, Thomas, and what did Mrs. Sloan say?"

"Oh, sir, I can't tell you how surprised and

happy she was; and she told me to thank you a thousand times."

"Will she pare and dry them for winter?"

"Indeed and she will, sir. She sat right down and went to work while I was there, and says she'll have 'em all out on the shed drying to-morrow morning. It was real kind and thoughtful in you, sir. It's such a pity to have things go to waste, when so many would be glad to get them."

Master and man were busier than usual in the summer and autumn days that followed, not alone in gathering and storing of their abundance, but in gathering and dispensing as well. Nothing was permitted, as in other years, to go to waste. The bushels and bushels of apples which had once rotted under the trees; the over-supply of turnips and other root crops, which had lain unused in cellar or store-house, were all distributed to the poor; and there was plenty through the winter in many a humble home, where in former seasons pinching need had been felt.

There was a heartiness about him never seen before. His old grudges against some of his neighbors died out. He would stop men in the road for a pleasant chat, whom for years he had passed with a distant nod. The farmer had found a new pleasure, the joy of which was pervading his whole being, and its sunshine warming and softening the cold, hard exterior of his life, and making it attractive and beautiful.

And he never lost the glow of this pleasure in all the years that were added to his life; and when at last his work was done, and he lay in that deep sleep which has no waking in time, there were hundreds to bless his name, and to look their last look on his peaceful face with eyes that ran over with tears.

HALLIE'S HAIR.

BY MADGE CARROL.

YOU don't know how glad I was when Mrs. Kepler told me she expects to keep your cousin with her until Christmas. I shall so enjoy knowing her better. What beautiful hair she has."

"Beautiful and expensive, too, the color is so rare. Dealers say it is almost impossible to get it."

"Do you mean I should understand that Miss Dewing's hair—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Traquair. I see ma has waited up for me, and need not detain you. Good-night."

Seeing her daughter in an unusual state of excitement, Mrs. Dewing ventured a question.

"What ails you, Dena? Has Mr. Traquair proposed?"

"Don't be ridiculous," was the sharp reply, and, flinging her hat one way, gloves another, Dena retired to her own room.

Beginning with a falsehood and ending in disrespect, Dena Dewing's introduction is not a favorable one. It serves, however, to show the girl as she really was, not as Mr. Traquair knew her when she met him, one year after having fallen in love with his picture.

Hallie's hair again, and Dena gave her own a vicious tug, was it always to be Hallie's hair? Was that golden web to be woven across her every path? This very night it caught the one pair of eyes in all the world she longed to hold, might not the glittering threads next entangle the only heart she cared to call her own? How vividly she recalled the night that brought her orphaned, stranger cousin from the far south to their own home. A home where, up to that fateful day, she ruled alone, an only, inordinately-indulged child. A picture of Hallie, as she stood one moment apart on the crimson hearth-rug, blistered the envious, jealous heart that held it. A slight, shy figure some thirteen summers crowned, with a face delicate as a wind flower, and a wealth of wondrously bright hair flowing to the very hem of her mourning dress. Grandma, aunts, uncles and cousins assembled to welcome David's orphaned and only child, held their breaths in something akin to awe. It seemed as though a sprite had leaped from the cannel coal's heart. Some fire-fairy, sable and gold, glitter and gloom, that a whisper would wing into her red courts never to be tempted out again. For an instant this impression prevailed, then grandma inaugurated a rush upon her by crying out: "Come here, little Girl Gold Locks, let me have the first kiss and touch that lovely hair to make sure it's not wings that'll fly away with you to-morrow."

Yes, Hallie's hair. Always Hallie's hair! Dena Dewing failing to grasp the real charm her cousin carried with her, came to believe that, like Samson's, her strength lay in her locks. Deprived of these she was powerless. A whisper went the family rounds that Dena had once attempted to clip, next actually to burn those beautiful braids. No foundation for this rumor was ever discovered other than the fact that Hallie secured a home in another city, and her hair for a time lost its burnished evenness.

"Dear little lambkin," bewailed Grandma Dewing, "she ought never to have stayed an hour under the same roof with that envious, ill-tempered Dena."

However, everybody agreed that since her eighteenth birthday—she was now twenty, six months Hallie's junior—there was a marked change in Dena Dewing. A clever cousin declared her to be cultivating the Christian graces in order to catch Mr. Traquair. Whatever the cause, the girl—with the exception of her personal appearance—was certainly improved. With a dead-white complexion, faded eyes and hair, mealy eyebrows and lashes, and more than a suspicion of freckles, the Quaker colors and simplicity she had adopted, in girl parlance, "killed" Dena Dewing. She persisted in this species of self-destruction even to the extent of laying aside a heavy braid of ashy red hair and frizzes, then faced a generation of switch-burdened women with a coolness and courage as remarkable as it was rare.

"Agnes," said Mr. Traquair, prepared, as was his custom, to give an account of his evening's entertainment to his invalid sister, "I met tonight the first lady that ever won upon my soul, seemed to draw it out after her as men's souls

should go out after the women they marry. I brought what you call my microscopic gaze to bear upon her, and could discover nothing false. Her style of dress, bearing, manner, everything about her, challenged unlimited admiration, yet I am obliged to believe that, like the majority of her sex, she owes something to art. How much it is impossible to estimate. Everybody knows my fixed, unalterable opinion of these feminine devices. One form of deceit is as surely indicative of others, as one downright falsehood is of a predisposition to lying. I could no more trust a woman wearing false hair than I could trust a woman wearing false smiles and making mock professions."

"Well, having found your ideal, after thirty years' seeking, in Dena Dewing, by what right does your soul run out after another woman?"

"You mistake, Agnes. I have not found my ideal. Miss Dewing pleases me in that she owes nothing to art, and in little else. I have somehow drifted into near relations with her. She is useful to me in the mission school and in other ways, we are co-workers, friends, that is all."

"I'm glad to hear it, for I don't like her, yet can't tell why. Nor do I like this Mrs. Kepler, at whose house you spent last evening, although I never saw her, she impresses me unfavorably."

"And me. She ought to have been born in the French court, nothing delights her more than plotting and counterplotting even in such trivial matters as getting two persons together, or keeping them apart. I never feel at ease in her house."

"And yet you seem to be a frequent visitor."

"Yes; her husband's one of our most active members, and she herself, although a woman of the world, gives largely from her own private fortune. For some reason she generally manages to have all our meetings at her house, so you see I'm rather obliged to keep the peace."

It was this woman's aid Dena Dewing resolved to seek in her extremity.

"Oh, yes, I'll help you out," she replied, after hearing the story. "Hallie's a good girl, a very good girl. Tom Kepler set such store by their patched-up relationship, I was obliged to invite her, and, in fact, am truly glad to have her, but she's not to be allowed to strike the target's centre and carry off the mission-school teacher's prize. Beside—" Mrs. Kepler paused, casting a keen, sly glance upon the face before her. "You're not falling in love with Mr. Traquair, are you, Dena?"

Dena promptly disclaimed any such idea.

"Your conduct, then, was prompted entirely by the very natural and reasonable jealousy any girl with almost no hair would feel for one supporting a whole mountain of it."

"Yes, you understand me perfectly."

There was no mistake about it, but Mrs. Kepler went on as though accepting the declaration as Dena meant it. "Then I'll go on with what I was about to say. I owe this piece of pomposity a grudge for his high and mighty loftiness toward little mite of a me. We'll pull the wool over his eyes so completely, he'll think it's Hallie's hair.

Meanwhile we must be cautious and not tell any downright fibs. Are those you have repeated your exact and only words?"

"They are. Mr. Traquair is too much of a gentleman to introduce the subject again."

"Assuredly. Then, don't you see, you stated a simple fact, that is all. Such hair would bring its weight in gold. I'd give my head for it if we could wear hair without heads. The color is rare, a marvellous blending of pure red and yellow gold, neither one, the other or either, because that doesn't describe it. Almost impossible to get it? I should think so, did ever another head wear so beautiful a crown? Ah, here she comes! Hallie, dear, we were just talking about your hair, everybody raved about it last night."

"I'm sorry I've nothing else to recommend me."

"Ah, I see, a little sensitive on the subject. Well, let me think, did nobody say you were charming? Really, I don't recollect, because I'm an enthusiast on the subject of your hair. Even our invulnerable Mr. Traquair expressed his admiration. Almost his first words were, 'What lovely hair she has.' He always visits alone. Such a pity Mrs. Traquair is so confined at home with that daughter. Odd about Agnes, isn't it, Dena? There's a mystery somewhere."

As Mrs. Kepler rattled on a great load fell from Dena Dewing's heart. The woman who could so cleverly make Hallie feel a trifle vexed about her hair, leave her under the impression that the Mrs. Traquair mentioned was a wife instead of a widowed mother, and seal her lips from inquiry concerning the family health with the hint of a mystery, was certainly the one to conduct her case and bring it to a happy issue.

With what cobwebs are our lives entangled. Here were two people, a man and a woman, every way calculated to bless, strengthen and sustain each other, dimly conscious of it beside, yet kept apart by a word here, a hint there, interweavings frail as the gossamer lines spun from branch to branch of a summer's morning.

"She wore a pale blue dress that hung about her like a cloud," said Mr. Traquair, "and when I saw her put a spray of white blossoms in her hair and at her throat, I found myself weakly wondering was there any more harm in a false braid, a tinge of rouge or a brush of powder than in those blossoms? It's well she's engaged, Agnes, else I fear I should end in falling in love with her."

"I don't know why Mr. Traquair haunts me," mused Hallie, sitting alone in her bower of hair, thick and bright as Jenny Wren's. "Plain, grave, punctilious, he's not in the least like the men I've always fancied. Indeed, he's not like anybody I ever knew. What a restful, sheltered sort of feeling his wife must have. I should like to take a peep into that home. I think I see him there as I saw him in the mission school last Sabbath. Ordering everything firmly, wisely, kindly. The friendship of such a man, were I so happy as to be considered worthy of it, would be the joy of a lifetime."

The end was nearer than they thought. One

night a variety of circumstances detained several persons under Mrs. Kepler's roof. Mr. Traquair had an engagement with Tom that would take them off on the early train, while three or four ladies, Dena among them, were indebted to a storm for the pretext of remaining. At midnight a cry of fire aroused the slumbering household. Nobody ever discovered how it originated, but the lower apartments were in flames, and smoke stealing through the cracks of every chamber door. There was little time to lose dressing or lamenting.

"To the roof! To the roof! Every one of you!" bawled Tom Kepler.

In a few minutes a panic-stricken group collected thither to meet with a double horror. The house at the lowest point stood five feet below its neighbors. It was short, sharp work to save that flock of frightened women. Mr. Traquair above with a hastily-constructed shawl ladder, Tom Kepler below, labored bravely and rapidly; still it was a question whether all would be saved. Dena Dewing's narrow nature asserted itself for the first time in the presence of the man she loved. She fairly struggled to be foremost; but Tom, with stern justice, determined she should be last. So rapid was the progress of the flames that sparks were showering over the roof, smoke swirling black about them, and crimson tongues lapped the cornice before they were ready for Dena. It was an awful thing to have Tom just then turn whiter than ever in that red glare, and cry out that his arm was paralyzed.

"Get her up somehow, Herbert. I'll save myself if I can," he whispered, hoarsely.

A hurried word to Hallie, who had refused to fly with the rest, and Mr. Traquair dropped to Dena's side. Even in the midst of fire and smoke, she thrilled beneath his arm's embrace. The moment was worth its terrors could she but be saved. A second mishap rendered it doubtful if she ever would be. Raining sparks had gnawed the shawl ladder Hallie held; it parted in Dena's frantic grasp.

Before Mr. Traquair could think or act in this new, unforeseen emergency, the brave girl above him unbound her lovely hair, wound one bright coil about her arm, and, leaning forward, it hung like a beautiful, saving pinion over her maligner's head. There was a momentary recoil from that silken life-line.

"Take firm hold," said a voice as cold as ice, "and be thankful it's one with the dearest head angels ever watched over."

Dena did as she was bidden, and was saved, but with an agony at her heart fierce and wild as the flames from which she escaped. Not the sharp hiss and crackle of the fire-fiend's tongue and teeth, nor the shouts of the men who had appeared and rescued Tom, prevented her hearing seven short words Mr. Traquair whispered in Hallie's ear.

"Brave little woman, you are rightly crowned." There's nothing else to tell. Any one can guess how it ended.

CHARITY is the salt of riches, without which they corrupt themselves.

DEBORAH NORMAN:^{*}

HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE hearts of all the people were stirred when it became known that the life of Deborah Norman was surely waning. The story of her visit to Deacon Strong; of her fainting in his room; of her being carried home in the arms of Mrs. Conrad; of the slight hemorrhage from which she had suffered; of the steady decline in her strength; and of the presence in town of a stranger, whose attitude was clearly that of a lover, had been told and repeated until it was familiar with every one. Nearly all had a sense of coming bereavement and personal loss: while those who had been drawn into good works through her example were moved to deeper earnestness and self-consecration.

It was remarkable the influence that came with even a thought of Deborah. It seemed to lift people out of their common, narrow life of self-seeking, and to give them a measure of her spirit. It seemed to bring her so near, that they could feel her very presence and the inspiration of her heavenly life. If one spoke of her to another, the thought of each turned instantly from narrow, frivolous or selfish things and was elevated to a higher region. A hundred good deeds were done daily through the power of her presence in the minds of men and women in Kedron.

Her influence on Deacon Strong was very remarkable. He seemed to himself, afterward, to be nearly all the while in her presence, and his mental processes under her inspection. In his blind gropings after the truth that should make him free, in all his plans, and purposes, and thoughts of duty to God and his neighbor, he saw Deborah before him, and heard again from her lips the clearly-spoken sentences which had sometimes pierced him like arrows, and sometimes opened windows into his soul through which came light and hope. He could not plan, or purpose, without seeming to do so under her inspection. Mentally he submitted to her almost everything that involved a principle of action; and his decisions were generally such as he believed would meet her approval. For a time she stood to him in the place of God and his own conscience. He was unable to see truth or duty except as expressed through her. She was to him as one whose hand had taken fast hold upon God; and he had a vague impression that if he could cling to her garments he was safe.

In their memorable interview, the termination of which had been so painful, Deborah had unfolded to him, in a few plain sentences, the higher law of spiritual life; and a profound conviction of its truth had taken possession of his soul. It was not by faith alone, nor by works alone, nor by faith and works united, that a man was to be saved. He could not get to Heaven by any mere effort of

thought and will; nor could he earn the right of entrance by good deeds. He must become like-minded with Christ if he would inherit one of the many mansions He had gone to prepare for His true disciples. It was the evil of his heart that would keep him out of Heaven, and until this was removed, entrance must be impossible. It was the evil will in which the enemy of his soul lay entrenched, and out of which he could not be cast except by the man himself, fighting by heavenly truth, or the sword of the Spirit, which God offers to every one who will take it out of the armory of His Holy Word. If faith were nothing in itself, and works nothing in themselves, yet was he able to see that both were essential agencies in the great conflict with evil. They were the means by which a man could rise out of his low and vile estate and become transformed into the image and likeness of God.

The deacon had tried to get to Heaven by merely assenting to certain doctrines, and by an external conformity to the appointed ceremonials of worship, while his life in the world remained wholly selfish. Deborah had drawn the scales from his eyes, and enabled him to see that if he would be with Christ in Heaven, he must live according to His precepts, and follow Him in the doing of good deeds among his fellow-men. His next effort was to get favor with God through good works. To placate Him by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and being externally just and merciful, instead of hard, cold, un pitying and unjust. But the result was not what he had hoped for. He had no inner consciousness of God's favor. He did not rest in hope. He was in still greater darkness and fear. But now Deborah was able to lead him a step higher in the ascending way, and to help him to see that Heaven was not to be earned nor God placated. That he could only enter the Kingdom of Heaven through a change of his inner life—that the evil and selfish affections of his heart must be repressed and denied, because to indulge them was contrary to God's law and a sin against Him. In such denial and repression alone could he please God: and the reward thereof would be the removal from his heart of sinful desires and the implantation in their stead of heavenly affections with their ineffable delights. Then, to abstain from evil and do good would be a pleasure and not a duty. He would be in Heaven, because of the love of God and the neighbor dwelling in his heart.

Not clearly at first, but only in dim, uncertain glimpses, was this revealed to the mind of Deacon Strong. After the shock attendant on the sudden illness of Deborah had subsided, and the deacon's thoughts drifted back to what she had said about the worthlessness of his efforts to obtain the favor of God through kind and charitable deeds, he had a sense of hopelessness. All the ways to Heaven seemed blocked by impassable mountains. But after a little while one thought and another to which she had given utterance came up and stood out clearly before him, and he saw another path, narrow and difficult, because it led right across his natural affections, which would have to be trampled under foot if he took that way. In

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

despair of finding any other road to Heaven, and in fear of the "wrath to come," Deacon Strong resolved to set his feet therein, and even as he made the resolution came light, and strength, and awaking confidence. He seemed as one lifted suddenly to a higher level, from which he had a broader and clearer vision. A humbler state of mind succeeded, and he was able to say, in a truer spirit than ever in his life before, "Make me Thy willing servant."

One morning, a few days after he had seen Deborah, Mr. Trueford came in to talk with him about business. The overseer's face wore an unusually sober look.

"Nothing wrong?" queried the deacon, who noticed its clouded aspect.

"No, not at the mill," replied Mr. Trueford. "Everything is going on right. The new ventilators, which were finished day before yesterday, work to a charm. You can hardly imagine the change they have made in the atmosphere of the rooms. There hasn't been a single complaint of headache; and all the hands are working with a lightness of movement never seen before. That was a kind, good thing of you, sir; and our people appreciate it. It will save many of them sick days and loss of time."

Deacon Strong, when he ordered the ventilators put in, at the urgent request of his overseer, did so with considerable reluctance, in view of their cost, which would be a dead charge against the establishment, as he said, and of no good to himself. The final argument that weighed in his mind, and led to his consent, was the thought that, in doing it for the sake of his work-people, he would earn some favor with God. He had paid the price of this favor under protest from his natural selfishness, which had no regard for the neighbor, and which could feel no pleasure in another's good; and the state of mind in which the act left him was anything but satisfactory. He had made a sacrifice, but there was no evidence that a sweet-smelling savor had risen therefrom to God.

But now, lifted as he was, through the presence of Deborah, in his thought to a spiritual level, in which he could not only perceive higher truths, but be affected by the good which they expressed, he felt a glow of genuine satisfaction as Mr. Trueford said, "That was a kind and good thing of you, sir; and our people appreciate it. It will save many of them from sick days and loss of time." And the satisfaction was deeper than anything he had yet known, because freer than usual from elements of self-appreciation, and more vital with neighborly regard. To Deacon Strong, the feeling that warmed his heart in that moment was a new sensation.

"I am glad," he answered, "that we had them put in, and that our people are so much more comfortable in their work."

His overseer noticed a quality of tone in the deacon's voice that was unusual.

"I wish," said Mr. Trueford, encouraged by the softer expression he saw in his employer's countenance, "that you were able to visit our little houses down by the creek. You would hardly

know them. It's wonderful how they are improved. One tenant seems to vie with another in having things tidy and comfortable. Not a paling has been torn from the fences since we had them repaired, and they are all sweet and handsome with whitewash. Every gate, and door, and stoop is whole and in good order. All the little yards have flowers or green plats in them, and morning-glories may be seen climbing and blooming about many of the doors and windows. No more ponds of slimy water, or heaps of filth in the road or on the back lots; but everything clean and wholesome. I take a look around there every day or two, and if I find a tenant growing careless I speak about it, and so keep the lazy or indifferent ones up to the mark. And just to think, sir, it didn't cost us over two hundred dollars to make the first improvements, out of which all this has grown. Why, sir," and Mr. Trueford grew warm with his theme, "the change in and around these twenty little houses, once so miserable and comfortless, but now so really attractive, is the wonder of all Kedron. People actually go down there to see it as a sight! And the change in the men, women and children who live there is almost as great as their surroundings. I've got the men formed into a temperance society; and there isn't a drunkard among them now. The house we fixed up for a reading-room is open every night, and is always well filled with men and growing-up lads. You don't know, sir, how much good is being done. I wish so often that you could see it with your eyes. It would do your heart good."

The pleasure felt by Deacon Strong as his overseer spoke of these things, went deeper than usual. It was purer, because less alloyed by selfish considerations. He had some measure of the delight which should always come as the reward of doing good to others; but which we rarely receive because our good deeds are so often done selfishly.

He did not reply immediately, but sat for awhile as one lost in thought. When he spoke, it was in a subdued, almost mournful voice.

"Ah!" he said, with a sigh, "if I were only well! If I had my old self again—my old soundness and strength!"

He checked himself, adding after a moment or two, and in a tone of forced resignation: "But God knows what is best, and I am in His hands."

Then, as he looked at Mr. Trueford, and noticed the shade of trouble which had attracted his attention at first, he said: "There's something wrong. What is it?"

"Nothing at the mill, sir," replied the overseer.

"Anything wrong at home?"

"Oh, no, sir. But I'm troubled about that girl, Fanny Williams. I'm afraid she'll go to ruin, after all."

"I'm sorry to hear that," replied the deacon, with real concern, "What do you hear about her? Is there anything I can do?"

"She did not return to the mill again, as you know. She seemed all broken down, and was slow in getting back her strength. You helped her some, and so did Miss Norman. As soon as she was strong enough for work, she took in sewing, and tried to support herself with her needle.

I don't know just how long this went on; but the next I heard of her was that somebody was sending her money in letters, and that she had left her room in Myrtle Street, and was living at a boarding-house. On inquiry of Mrs. Jacobs, the woman from whom she rented a room while she worked in the mill, I found that all this was true. Last week I saw her walking with Victor Howe; and it distressed me greatly, for I knew him to be a dangerous companion for one like her."

"But his true character has been discovered, and he has fled from the town, a hunted criminal," said the deacon.

"I know; but Fanny's peril is no less. Nay, I fear it is greater. As I was coming here just now, I saw her riding out with Len Spangler."

A deep sigh, that was almost a groan, came from the deacon's lips; for the sharp thrust of an accusing conscience had sent a pang to his heart. He remembered too well his last excited meeting with the girl, and the charge of responsibility for any harm that might come to her which had been laid at his door.

"Not with that bad man, surely!" he exclaimed. "You must have been mistaken, Mr. Trueford."

But the overseer shook his head. "I could not have been mistaken. I know them both too well. She was as handsomely dressed as any lady in town, and was leaning toward him, smiling and talking familiarly. Poor, weak child! A dove in the net of a fowler! A lamb in the power of a cruel wolf!"

The deacon's head sunk upon his breast, and he sighed again.

"Oh, if Deborah Norman were not sick!" he said, lifting himself up and showing much excitement. "If she were only well and strong enough to go after the girl, she might be saved. What is to be done? I feel so helpless—so powerless!"

"Mr. Maxwell," said a servant, opening the door.

A look of annoyance showed itself in Deacon Strong's face.

"Tell him to wait. I'm engaged. No, tell him to come up. I'm glad you happened to be here, Mr. Trueford," he added, as the servant retired. "I've been wanting to see you and Maxwell together."

A few moments after the agent pushed open the door noiselessly and came gliding in. On seeing Mr. Trueford, there was a disagreeable change in his sinister face, and a slight curving of his thin lips. His stooping shoulders were drawn back, and something defiant appeared in his manner. The venomous creature had an instinct of danger, and threw quick, covert glances from the deacon to his overseer, but without a movement of his head.

"Sit down," said the deacon, nodding to a chair. Maxwell dropped into the seat. A silence, lasting for a considerable time, followed. The agent had his thick, well-worn pocket-book in his hand, and was opening and shutting it uneasily, when the deacon spoke again.

"Let me see the list of unpaid rents you showed me yesterday."

Maxwell drew from the book a piece of paper,

which he slowly unfolded and handed to the deacon, who let his eyes glance quickly over the page. Mr. Trueford, who was looking at him, saw his brows contract and his mouth close tightly with a hard expression.

"Gilbert has paid you five dollars on account, I see," said the deacon, lifting his eyes from the paper and fixing them on Maxwell.

"Yes, sir; but I had to send the constable after him, and warn him out into the bargain, to get even that," returned the agent, his upper lip twitching at one of the corners as he spoke, much as you have seen that of a snarling cur.

"He's been sick, I believe," said Mr. Trueford, quietly.

"Drunk, more likely," growled the agent. "Sickness is a convenient excuse with men like him."

"Why do you say that?" demanded Mr. Trueford, turning sharply on Maxwell.

"Because I know the whole tribe too well. They can't deceive me," was answered, an ugly sneer on the agent's lips.

"He's been sick," said Mr. Trueford, speaking firmly. "He had an attack of pleurisy, which laid him up for over a month, and left him very weak. And what is unfortunate, he has lost a good place through this sickness. The firm that employed him was not able to wait for his recovery. I've been feeling very anxious about him; but he's kept himself free from drink, so far as I know. But one in his position is in great danger. I loaned him the five dollars which he paid to Mr. Maxwell."

"Did you know for what purpose he wanted the money?" asked the deacon, with an unpleasant surprise in his voice.

"He did not tell me; he only said that his furniture would be seized and his poor wife and himself turned into the street if he didn't make a payment of five dollars. He was weak and much broken down. I pitied him from my heart, and tried to say things encouraging. But the hopeful words had no heart in them, and almost stuck in my throat. A man in Gilbert's circumstances should be dealt with in merciful kindness; not heartlessly driven to the wall. Maxwell knew that he had been sick; knew that he had not earned a dollar for weeks; and knew also that in hounding him after his cruel fashion he would in all probability drive him back into the old wretched life from which that angel in human guise, Deborah Norman, had rescued him."

"How dared you, sir!" broke angrily from the lips of Deacon Strong, as he turned his eyes upon the half-frightened, half-defiant and malignant face of the agent.

"My business is to collect your rents," answered the man, doggedly. "You asked me about Gilbert when I showed you this list, day before yesterday, and said he was getting too much behind, and must be stirred up."

"Did you know that he had been sick and was out of a place?" inquired the deacon.

"Sick or well, rich or poor, is none of my business. If people live in our houses, they must pay the rent. You tell me to collect it, and I see that

it is done. That is all, sir. It is not for me to go behind anything; nor to ask whether they beg, borrow, steal or earn the money with which the rent is paid. Our houses are not almshouses, sir, nor open to every pauper or shiftless vagabond who may wish to live in them rent free."

Maxwell warmed a little, and the color came flushing into his cold, skinny face. Never before had he looked so repulsive in the eyes of Deacon Strong; and never had the deacon felt such disgust and loathing for the man as now. The heartless agent of his unpitying greed stood, in the clearer vision by which he was beginning to look out upon the world and humanity, revealed as a cruel monster, to whom he had given the power to oppress.

"Why didn't you tell me that Gilbert had been sick, and that he was out of a place and earning nothing?" demanded the deacon.

"Because I didn't imagine you cared anything about his being sick or well, dead or alive, so the rent was paid," answered Maxwell, with a malicious thrust in his voice. "And besides, sir, it's always been an understood thing that you would have nothing to do with the private affairs or personal troubles of your tenants. If they lived in your houses they must pay the rent; and when they couldn't do that they must go out."

The deacon cowered with a discomfited air under this rejoinder, and looked annoyed and rebuked. He dropped his eyes to the rent roll that was still in his hand, and studied the page for some moments without speaking. Then laying it on the table before him, he said to Maxwell: "That will do for to-day, Peter. You can go now. But let me see you to-morrow morning at this hour."

Maxwell reached for the piece of paper which the deacon had laid on the table, but the latter placed his hand upon it, saying: "You can leave this. I wish to examine it."

There was a look of disappointment, in which a shade of anxiety was visible on the agent's face.

"Don't make any more collections until I see you again," said the deacon, as Maxwell retired toward the door.

"I was to call at three or four places and receive money promised to-day," returned the other.

"No matter. Let things stand as they are." The deacon spoke positively. "You will be here in the morning?"

Maxwell growled a "Yes," and went out, leaving the deacon and his overseer again alone. Each waited for the other to speak, some little time passing.

"Bad, bad, bad!" ejaculated Deacon Strong, first breaking the silence.

"Yes, I should say it was bad," returned Mr. Trueford. "A man like this Maxwell is not one to whose tender mercies it is well to commit the poor. As your agent, you become a party to whatever he does. He is your representative, and at your door lies the responsibility of his acts. What he does to your tenants is really done by you, and will so be regarded by God and man."

The overseer spoke with great seriousness of

manner. Deacon Strong bent his head as one in earnest thought.

"Joshua Gilbert is a capable and honest man?" he said, with a question in his voice, as he looked up.

"That is his reputation. Only his habits have been against him."

"I must have another man to take charge of my property and collect the rents. I can't trust Maxwell any longer. He's too hard. There's no more pity in him than there is in a wild beast. But I'm not sure that Gilbert is the man I want."

"You might try him for awhile. He's honest; and I am sure would look carefully after your interests."

"It's hardly right to ask it of you," said the deacon, evidently in doubt as to the acceptance of the proposal he was going to make, "for you are overtaxed already. But, if you will take charge of my real estate as well as of the mill, and employ Gilbert as your clerk and collector, I will close up with Maxwell at once, and let you manage things just in the way you see best. I know you, Mr. Trueford, and can trust you. I'm not afraid that anybody will be wronged. I shall have no sins of cruelty, no unjust exactions, no oppressions of the poor laid through you at my door."

"It will be better so," replied the overseer, his face lighting up beautifully. "Better for you and better for all. Maxwell is unpopular with your tenants, and hated by most of them. Give them a different agent—one with some courtesy and humanity in him, like Joshua Gilbert—and you will receive, I am sure, a larger return than under the old grinding rule. Yes, I will undertake this for you also, and see Mr. Gilbert at once."

The deacon reached out his hand, and grasping one of his overseer's, said with much feeling: "God bless you, sir! You are the best and truest man I ever knew! Go and see Mr. Gilbert, and—his voice choking—"pay him a month's wages in advance. Set him on his feet again; and tell him from me to be brave and strong. Come again to-morrow morning, and we will settle affairs with Peter Maxwell."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"DON'T go, Joshua," said Mrs. Gilbert, laying her hand upon the arm of her husband, and looking sadly, but tenderly, into his thin face. "You are not as well as you were yesterday. I'm afraid to have you go out."

"But I must find something to do. I can't sit idle at home," was answered in a querulous way, that was unusual to Joshua Gilbert. He felt disheartened, and almost desperate. The appearance of Deacon Strong's agent, attended by a constable, on the day before, had greatly unsettled his mind, and broken down the trust in providence which had sustained him during his slow convalescence. To keep his furniture from threatened seizure, he had tried in half a dozen places to borrow a few dollars, and was returning home after these fruitless efforts, feeling weak and helpless, when he met Mr. Trueford, who cheerfully loaned him the

sum needed. It was paid to Maxwell, who took it with a growl and a warning to be ready with as much more in a week.

This timely assistance had changed Mr. Gilbert's state of feeling and restored in some small degree his failing trust in God. As he sat with his wife at their scanty evening meal—all their meals were too scanty—he was able to take a more hopeful view of things.

"I shall get something to do," he said, with a cheerful air. "And shall not have long to wait; something tells me so."

His wife fell in with his hopeful spirit, encouraging him by many Scripture promises.

But his heart failed him as he lay sleepless that night for many hours. Darkness rested on his spirit as well as upon nature, and morning found him as weak and nervous in mind as in body. He saw in advance of him no clear way; no open door. He felt hedged in and deserted of God and man. It was his hour of darkness and danger. He wore a clouded brow as he sat down to the meagre breakfast which his wife had tried to make as relishing as possible. But in his condition, where nature was trying to restore the loss of sickness, and give back strength to wasted muscles and vital force to exhausted nerves, he needed something more nutritious and appetizing than bread and coffee and fried potatoes, which were all he found spread before him.

Mr. Gilbert had risen from the table and was preparing to go out, when his wife, who had a vague fear in her heart, interposed, saying: "Don't go this morning, Joshua. You are not as well as you were yesterday."

"But I must find something to do. I can't sit idle at home," he had answered. Mrs. Gilbert still tried to detain him; but he grew irritated—something unusual in him—and with an impatient word on his lips, turned from his wife and left the house. A great concern settled down upon the heart of his wife. She saw that her husband had lost his mental equipoise and trust in God, and knew, alas, too well, that if in this state he were exposed to sudden temptation, he would surely fall.

There was no clear purpose in the thought of Mr. Gilbert. He went forth almost blindly. The many days in which he had vainly tried to get something to do seemed to have exhausted every chance. No one had any employment to offer him. A feeling of vague unrest, that made it almost impossible to remain passive at home, thrust him out, now, and gave to his steps as he passed along the street a quicker movement than usual. A slight warmth of color came into his pale face; his eyes had an unwonted brightness. He was under the influence of hidden and abnormal forces, to the control of which reason made, for the time, no opposition. He was like a vessel sweeping out upon a dangerous sea with no one standing at the helm. He seemed to himself uncared for of God or man.

On leaving home, Gilbert took his way to the business part of the town, meeting, as he walked restlessly along, one friend after another, stopping for a word or two, or saying a brief good morning, as the case might be.

VOL. XLIII.—43.

"How's the world using you now?" said an old acquaintance, in a cordial way, as he stopped and took hold of Gilbert's hand, giving it a hearty shake.

"About as badly as it can well use a man," was the reply.

"How's that? What's the matter? I thought you were getting on swimmingly."

"So I was until thrown on my back by a spell of sickness."

"Oh, indeed! You've been sick? I'm sorry. But you're all right again."

"On the contrary, I'm all wrong."

"What do you mean?"

"I had a good situation, and was getting on nicely; but my illness threw me out, and now I can't find anything to do."

"That is bad. But don't lose heart."

"I have lost heart," was the gloomy answer.

"Tut, tut, man! Don't talk in that way. It's darkest just before daybreak, you know. Something will turn up."

"So I've been trying to think. But when I saw a constable enter my house to levy on my scanty furniture for rent, I gave up that hope."

"Who owns your house?"

"Deacon Strong."

"And he ordered your furniture to be seized?"

The man spoke with indignation.

"I suppose so. His agent came with the constable. I begged a few hours' delay, and they put off the levy until I could find somebody who would lend me five dollars."

"And you got the money?"

"Yes. But it's only putting off the evil day. In a week Maxwell will be down on me again."

The friend stood with his eyes on the ground, thinking.

"I know of a place you might get," he said, with some hesitation in his manner. "It is to be vacant in a day or two. But I'm not just certain that it will suit you."

"Oh, I'll do anything. I'm neither proud nor lazy. What kind of a place is it?"

"It won't suit you, I know," answered the friend, with a decided air.

"Will it pay anything?" asked Gilbert.

"Oh, as for that, the pay will be fair enough. But I don't think the business just the one for you."

"What is the business?"

"That of clerk and bar-tender at the Centre House. I heard this morning that a change was to be made. You know Hall, the proprietor."

Gilbert half caught his breath; his face grew flushed, and paled again suddenly. There was about him a perceptible tremor as of one in some strong mental conflict.

"Thank you," he said, a little huskily. "But I'm afraid it will not suit me."

"No, I don't think it will. I'm sorry I mentioned it. But, good-morning! I have an engagement waiting and must hurry. Call and see me."

And the man passed on. Gilbert stood for some moments like one bewildered, and then moved onward, but the restless, nervous manner seen a little while before was gone. Mr. Hall, the pro-

prietor of the Centre House, was an old friend whom he had known ever since boyhood; and he felt almost certain that if he applied for the situation about to be made vacant, and gave strong pledges of his determination never to fall back into his old habits, he could obtain it. But an instinct of the danger which lay in that direction seized him on the instant the friend who had just left him named the place, and his first impulse was that of rejection.

"No! no! no!" he said to himself, and tried to push the thought out of his mind. But that was impossible. His friend had lifted him into the light of hope when he said that he knew of a place that could no doubt be obtained; and it was hard to turn wholly from that light, and go down into deeper darkness.

Slowly he moved along the street, his eyes cast to the ground, and his thoughts turning to the Centre House in spite of every effort to hold them away. There he saw a promise of bread and independence, but could see it in no other direction. As he walked along, the tempter, quick' to discover his opportunity, was by his side.

"You have set your foot upon the great enemy of your life, and are no longer his slave," he said; "and so the question of danger is settled. You must live—you must have bread. Faithfully have you tried to get employment, and this is all that offers. It is not what you desire. You turn from the thought of it with pain. Still, a man cannot starve."

But the tempter saw other things in his mind; saw that he had a conscience, and a fear of offending God; that the better angels of his life were drawing nearer, and seeking to hold him back from a path of danger in which his feet were not steady enough to walk, by showing him the curse that would rest upon this work if he put forth his hand to do it; and the spiritual loss he must suffer if he engaged therein. In God's strength alone had he stood fast so far; and how could he expect a continuance of that strength if he took part with evil-doers, as all were who put to a neighbor's lips the cup of confusion. As the conflict went on, an inner voice seemed to cry in warning tones: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink! that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken." And the tempter's power grew weaker. But he made a new assault. A human soul was almost within his grasp, and must not be permitted to escape.

And now a strange darkness and confusion of mind fell upon the unhappy man, and with it came bitter feelings toward God and his neighbors.

"Who cares whether I live or die?" he said to himself, while a throb of anger sent a hot current along his veins. "If God cared for me, would He leave me in this extremity?"

As he spoke, he moved forward rapidly, turning his steps in the direction of the Centre House, and not pausing until he found himself standing face to face with his old friend the proprietor, who gave him a cordial hand-shake, saying at the same time: "Now this is curious! Do you know, Joshua, I was just thinking about you? How

strangely things happen sometimes! Well, how are you? Been sick, I hear."

"Yes, sick enough."

"What was the matter?"

"Pleurisy."

"Indeed! Bad attack?"

"Yes. Was in bed several weeks, and got run down dreadfully, as you may see." And he held up one of his thin hands.

"But I wouldn't mind that so much if my sickness hadn't lost me a good situation."

"Is that so? I'm really sorry." And Mr. Hall showed much sympathy. "Anything in prospect?" he asked, with something more than a mere passing interest.

"Nothing." And Gilbert shook his head. His manner betrayed his despondency.

Hall dropped his eyes and stood thinking.

"I don't know that it would suit you, but—"

"But what?" asked Gilbert, as his old friend hesitated.

"My clerk and bar-keeper is going to leave me, and I have not supplied his place."

A silence, almost oppressive to both the men, followed, and ere it was broken the tavern-keeper had regretted his remark; for he remembered the old bad habits of his friend, and knew only too well that to put him in the place about to be made vacant would be to set him in the very front of danger, and make his fall certain.

"Anything to keep the wolf from my door," said Gilbert, in reply. "I've searched the town over and over again for something to do, but so far can't find a vacant place or get a hand's turn. And now things have become desperate. Old Deacon Strong sent a constable after me yesterday, and would have sold me out for his rent if I hadn't borrowed five dollars with which to keep him quiet for a week longer."

"The cursed old hypocrite and rascal!" exclaimed the tavern-keeper. "If the devil don't get him, he'll be cheated out of his own, say I. And Deacon Strong was going to sell out a sick man for a little back rent! Well! well! I thought the judgment that fell on him awhile ago had made a better man of him. But the fire lies at the heart of the flint, and no pounding can get it all out. He'll have to take his scorching with the rest of us, for all his canting and psalm singing, which is one comfort. I'm sorry," he added, his voice betraying the doubt in his heart, "that you were not able to get back into your old place. I'm a little afraid to have you come here. You mustn't be hurt at my saying this, Joshua. You know how it is, and the temptations that would lie in your way."

"I have turned my back upon that old, dreadful life," Gilbert answered. "It is behind me in the sad and dreary past. No, no, friend Hall! You need have no fear on that score. I have suffered enough from this enemy, and shall hold him forever at a distance."

"I am glad to find you so much in earnest, and to hear you speak so confidently," returned the tavern-keeper. "I can give you a good place, and shall be pleased to have a man in whose integrity I can trust so fully as I can trust in yours."

There came now to Joshua Gilbert another intense struggle between the good and evil forces that were acting upon him—between the angels who were striving to save him and the evil spirits who burned with an infernal desire to destroy his soul—the one seeking to lead him away from temptation, and the other trying to draw his feet into a path that would lead to inevitable ruin. Between these two forces he stood a free man, with power to turn himself to either; but, alas! the intimate pressure of need, anger against Deacon Strong and a doubt of God's providential care over him, were giving strength to his enemies, and drawing him over to their side. Words of consent were rising to his lips when this question, flashing through his mind, startled him with a new sense of responsibility and danger, "How can I do this great evil and sin against God?"

Joshua Gilbert, since his feet had been led, through the influence of Deborah Norman, into the safe ways of sobriety, had reunited himself with the church, and been trying to lead a humble Christian life. The darkness and feverish doubt of this unhappy day were only the passing states of a mind driven by trial and temptation almost to the verge of despair. Very nigh were his feet to slipping—the enemies of his soul had nearly conquered—when an angel drew out of his memory this solemn sentence, and quickened by its means a new and better state. He stood, almost trembling, under the strong convictions of right, and duty, and faith in God's care over His children, which came rushing back upon his mind.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!" he said in his heart, humbly and devoutly, as a strong revulsion of feeling swept him out of the influence of a temptation that had nearly compassed his destruction.

He waited so long before replying to Mr. Hall's offer to give him the place in his bar, that the tavern-keeper wondered at the delay, and when Gilbert said, in a tone of voice that surprised him, it was so changed: "Let me take a little while to think over this matter. Maybe it will not be best for me."

He answered rather coldly: "All right, Joshua. Take time to think. I wouldn't have you come here for the world if you were not strong enough to look a glass of brandy in the face and say, 'I'm your master, sir!'"

There was something so near to sarcasm in the tavern-keeper's voice that Gilbert felt it as a thrust and was a little hurt. He lingered for a short time, not wishing to go away too abruptly, and then left the tavern, and turned his steps homeward.

The conflict through which he had passed since he came out had been very great, and now that a reaction of feeling had come, a sad consciousness of the danger from which he had just escaped took deep hold of him; he felt weak and faint.

A darkness like the shadow of death fell upon Mrs. Gilbert as she saw her husband go away that morning. The impulse to run after him and try to draw him back was so strong that she could hardly restrain herself.

She knew him to be weak, from sickness, both in body and mind; to be unusually depressed; to

have lost, for the time, his trust in God; and to be, therefore, in imminent danger should any strong temptation assail him. As time wore on, this darkness and dread increased, until, in an agony of fear and suspense, she went into her chamber and, shutting the door, fell upon her knees and besought God with tears and entreaties to protect her husband. "He is very weak," she said, sobbing, "and his enemies are very strong. He is trying to do right: trying to be true, and humble, and faithful; to serve Thee with a right mind and a willing heart. Oh, do not let the wicked prevail against him. Hide him under the shadow of Thy wings; give Thy angels charge concerning him, that they may keep him in safety."

Her heart gave way, and her frame shook with violent agitation. She fell forward upon the bed by which she knelt, moaning and weeping. After many minutes she grew calm. Again lifting her heart to God, she prayed in more confidence of spirit.—"Thou wilt not forsake him, Lord. Oh, follow him to the wilderness of doubt and fear into which he is straying, and bring him back. Let him feel Thy presence and Thy power. Give him a sense of Thy tender love. In this valley and shadow of death through which he is walking, let Thy rod direct his way and Thy staff support him so that his feet fail not."

When Mrs. Gilbert came out of her chamber, her pale face wore a calmer expression, though fear and an aching suspense were still in her heart. She had drawn nigh in humble prayer to God, and was feeling a measure of the peace that all receive who come really into His presence. She knew her husband to be a just and a sincere man; and that he had been trying, since his reformation, to lead a life void of offense toward God and man. "God cannot and will not forsake him," she said, trying to hold her mind assured. "We are in His strong hands and under His tender care. His promises are to those that fear Him. He knoweth that we have need of food and raiment. He that feedeth the ravens, will He not feed us?"

So she tried to keep out of her mind the dread and distrust which had closed around her a little while before, and which had been lifted away from her spirit through prayer. But it was a hard struggle in which she was engaged, and in spite of every effort the shadows again drew their thick curtains about her heart, and set it shivering with vague alarms.

In her anguish she went into her chamber again and bowed herself, weeping and praying, before God. "There is help in Thee alone," she cried. "Oh, do not forsake us!"

She heard the door open and the well-known sound of her husband's feet in the room below. A great weakness fell upon her. She tried to rise, but was unable to lift herself up. She heard his voice calling to her, but she could not answer, for even the power of speech was gone for the moment. Then she heard him coming up the stairs; the door opened; quick footsteps crossed the room. A form knelt by her side, an arm was laid tenderly around her and then a voice, thrilling with a new joy, said: "It is all right, dear wife! God

is good. He has been better to us than all our fears! You will hardly believe it, but I am to be Deacon Strong's rent collector and agent in the place of Peter Maxwell. I've seen the deacon, and it's all settled."

Gilbert felt the form of his wife shrinking heavily against him; and looking into her face,

saw that it was white as ashes. The reaction of feeling had been too great. This fullness of joy, breaking so suddenly on the darkness of her soul, was more than she had strength to bear, and she lay fainting in the arms of her husband, but only for a little while.

(To be concluded in next number.)

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 10.

I THINK I told you once before the nicest way of cooking green corn that I know of; but some of the women-readers did not hear me, and I want them to know, too.

Shave and scrape the corn off the cob; have the spider hot, with a lump of good butter in it, and when it is hot enough to fry the corn, pour it in and cover up closely. Do not add any water; the moisture already in the corn, and the steam that generates, will keep it from burning. Season with salt and pepper, and fry until a light brown. This is the nicest way known of cooking green corn. All the sweetness is in it that there is in ears which have been roasted. Old people especially will like corn cooked this way.

I read a recipe lately in which the writer says a custard pie must bake one hour. Now don't one of you believe such nonsense! If a custard pie was baked one hour in a hot oven, the sweet whey would separate and leave a shrivelled curd, and the crust would be a crisp: if it was in a moderately hot oven that length of time, the crust would be soggy, and no more like pie than a piece of wet leather.

No doubt the dear lady who wrote it could conjugate a Latin verb through all the tenses, but she could not bake a custard pie.

Now I'm not smart, but, with dry wood, I can make the custard and paste and bake three pies in twenty minutes. There is no kind of pie so easily made or so speedily baked. Only the crust needs to bake, the custard to set. That is the word cooks use.

To make good custard pies, take a quart bowl nearly full of good unskimmed milk, three well-beaten eggs, a pinch of salt and a coffee-cup two-thirds full of sugar. This quantity will make three pies. Bake in a hot oven. When the custard is set, or done, it will seem to rise up from the edge of the pie tin, and will quake like jelly when you jar it gently. If it does this it is good, and your ingredients have been in proportion. I always flour the tin, so I can slip the pie off on a cloth or on a paper to cool. Do not grease your pie-tins, there is no occasion to do so; if you do, the pies will become torn or broken in taking them off. Always see that they are perfectly dry, and then rub flower over them, and turn over and shake the unnecessary quantity off.

I make pumpkin and squash pies exactly like custard, the ingredients all in the same proportion, and then add the finely-strained stewed pumpkin or squash, being careful not to put in too much, else the pie will be dry.

We often have mashed squash left from dinner, that comes back again in the form of a pie. In this case one must be careful and not season with pepper; the salt and butter seasoning in the sauce only makes the pie better.

It is night now, and I must quit. To-morrow I will tell you how I make pie-crust. I only learned how within a year to make "de flaky kind," like Aunt Chloe did.

Take about a pound and a half of flour and half a pound of butter; wet it with cold water enough to make a stiff paste. Flour the board well, roll out rather thin, and spread with butter the same as you would spread a piece of bread; scatter flour over pretty thickly; commence at one end and roll it up, and tuck in the ends smoothly. Then roll it out again on the well-floured board, rolling from you all the time. Butter again; scatter flour over until all the butter is well covered; roll up, and roll out, and roll from you, and keep on rolling and cutting up with the rolling-pin until your paste has been buttered and rolled out five times, using plenty of flour all the while; then cut a piece off the end about the right size for one cover; flour it well when you go to roll it out, so that it will not stick to the board. Handle just as lightly and as little as possible; don't knead your paste, or the fragments you cut off from the edges, a particle; work with your fingers' ends kind of gingerly, as if you didn't like to do such things—just pretending; you understand. Keep everything as cold as possible; mix with ice-cold water, and let your butter be cold, and your hands.

I hope I have made this so plain that any little woman will understand how it is done, and that hereafter no more soggy, tough, dark, hard pies will come to her table, if they did before.

When we make, instead of butter we use half lard; you would scarcely know the difference; but if for any special occasion you desire to make the best pies possible, use butter entirely.

I was at Van Doodle's yesterday—went over to dye an old purple merino dress for grandma. They think nobody can color black like Pipsey Potts, and as the Van Doodles are members in good standing in the regular Baptist church, the same as the Pottses, it was no more than my duty to go over and do them this little favor. The old

lady's dress was a gift from a rich brother, long, long ago, while she was nursing her Mary Elizabeth yet.

Granny looked out at the dress when it was hanging on the line and she said: "Pipsey can color gowns till they're black as a raven."

I took special pains with it because it will be her best dress, likely, as long as she lives. I strained the dye for fear a bit of a chip or sediment would be in it and spot the dress. Ever such a little fragment will spot if it clings to the fabric. I was careful, too, not to wring the dress, all the while I was handling it. I just drained it, for fear of creasing or breaking the well-kept merino.

I will give my recipe, for it may be that at this season of the year others may be renovating old dresses to reline and remodel ready for winter. I would not try to dye any old worsted dress a beautiful black, unless it was all wool, and soft goods, then. An alpaca, smooth, and stiff, and lustrous, will not dye handsomely. For four pounds of goods take two ounces of blue vitriol and eight of the extract of logwood, or, if you prefer, instead, three pounds of logwood chips. Put each separately in twelve quarts of water, the logwood in an iron vessel, the vitriol in brass; bring both to a boiling heat, dip the cloth into the vitriol water first, then into the logwood water, and alternately from one to the other till it has been dipped in each three times. Then dry, wash in strong suds, rinse in soft, cold water, and press on the wrong side when damp. This color does not rub off nor fade, and is good for silk, cotton, lace, but better for wool.

The Van Doodles have no cistern, and they have a barrel standing under the eaves and catch what water they can. Brother Van Doodle is an easy, shiftless man, one who means well, and means to have things handy about the house for the patient women, but, somehow, the time never comes for him to "fix things." He takes time, however, to make great, substantial hog-pens with several compartments in them; one to eat in, and one to sleep in, and one to scratch in, and smooth down twisted bristles, and be content generally. He also makes racks for the dining-halls of his sheep, and roofs for the little calves to stand under when it rains, and warm straw sheds for his cows in daytime and stables for them at night; but for his wife and daughters he makes no extra fixings, nothing except what will meet the stern demands of necessity. When I was there the girls were getting ready to wash the next day and the barrel of rain water was not very clean, the fine lint off from the shingles was in the water and stuff that had blown in from the dusty street, but the oldest girl was not a bit disconcerted, she knew what to do. She pounded some alum very fine and to the barrelful of water she added about two heaping tablespoonfuls, slowly, stirring it all the time. She said in the course of three hours all the sediment and impure particles would settle to the bottom and the water would be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of pure spring water.

It occurs to me that I have read somewhere that quite dirty water, say suds, could be made clean

by adding pulverized alum to it, that the sediment would settle and the water be left pure enough to use for a first suds. It seems probable.

Granny used to make this nice pudding in the season of ripe peaches. Make a batter the same as for pancakes, with buttermilk, eggs, soda and flour, only add a cupful of sour cream to the buttermilk. Take a deep, brown earthen dish and pour half an inch thick of the batter in the bottom of it, then put in a layer of very fine, juicy, ripe peaches, cut in halves or in smaller pieces. Then pour over a layer of the batter, then add another layer of peaches, and so on until you have what you think is enough for a meal. Do not fill the dish full to the top. Bake slowly for one hour. If the juice rises and runs out, lift the edge of the crust with a fork and it will run back. I forgot to say that the last layer must be batter. If you have any doubts about it not being done at the end of one hour, run a clean broom splint down into it in the thickest place. If it comes out perfectly smooth it is done. To be eaten with cream and sugar, or cream and butter.

Father asks me what I am writing, and when I tell him, he says he thought, yesterday, of a good little item for the "Household," but really he don't know as he could tell it so I can make it intelligible to the readers of the HOME. I call for the item, anyhow, and with much hesitancy—as though he thought it was a wonderful thing for a horny-handed old farmer to write for the papers—he gives it; his way to prevent cows from kicking while one is milking. He says, put a broad strap just in front of the udder and around over the back of the animal, draw the strap tight and buckle it. He says a cow cannot kick if she is laced up this way, it is impossible, and that she can be handled without difficulty. He says a few applications will cure the worst cases. He said, too, while he was in the mood for writing, that he saw such a cute little table-mat the other day at the hotel in Newville. It was a piece of colored cloth cut oval, or circular, with the edges pinked, and in each scallop white button was sewed on. The same in the middle made in the shape of a star. These little contrivances will keep the hot dishes from heating the table and are a tolerable substitute for mats of braided husk or straw.

It is a good time now for those who buy their butter to lay in enough to carry them through the winter. Buy of some person who makes good, solid, sweet butter; it is convenient to have it put up in two-pound rolls; wrap each roll in a bit of white muslin and pack down in a firkin or keg; cover with good brine, lay plates over, and then put on a clean weight, say a block of marble, if you have it.

If we have our butter to buy and can possibly get a good quality, it is advisable to purchase it in the fall, just as we lay in our stock of wood, and coal, and vegetables. I do not have much sympathy for those people who neglect these things and then all through the winter live in fear and dread and on a strain, not knowing where the

bread, and fuel, and the common necessities of life are to come from. I know a great many families who are always out of wood, or flour, or feed for stock, just when the weather is the most unfavorable for getting such things. It is not good economy, and is indicative of mismanagement.

Even in the matter of bread, management is necessary. Every woman knows how difficult it is to bake during very cold weather. I turned over a new leaf last winter, and the plan worked so well that some of you may profit by my experience, I would watch the thermometer and the barometer, and when moderate or rainy weather was indicated, would make fresh yeast and do a large baking—enough to last us two weeks or longer—store it away in the cellar, and the burden and worry would be off my mind. I regard it as a calamity to be entirely out of bread.

If bread is wet up with water, and no potatoes used in the yeast, it will not become dry as soon as though these had been used. Let the dough be as soft as can be managed well; knead so long that it will not stick to the hands nor the kneading-board, and until it is perfectly smooth. If some of the last loaves got a little dry, we steamed and heated them, and made them quite like new bread.

I did not mean to write about bread in this month; it is untimely, and belongs to the winter; but my pen ran into it imperceptibly. While on the subject, we will tell how a good neighbor of ours makes such delicious biscuit for breakfast. I give it in her own words:

"Sift a quart of flour into a pan; make a hole in the centre, and pour in not quite half a pint of hot milk, in which a spoonful of butter has been dissolved. Stir it into the flour partially, and when lukewarm add one beaten egg, a little salt and a teacupful of good yeast. Work the whole into a lump of dough, kneading until it is smooth. If it is winter time, set it in a warm place; if summer, put it in a cool place. In the morning turn the lump upon the moulding-board, flouring it a little; knead softly, roll out half an inch thick, cut the biscuit the size of the top of a tumbler, and set them in a warm place to rise. In thirty minutes they will be ready to bake, and will be puffed up to four times their size."

My neighbor says that there is a little breakfast relish which her husband and children always expect with their morning biscuit, and she never forgets to make it, either.

She says: "Chip some smoked beef, and drop into boiling water to soften. Let it lie ten minutes, and then put it into a spider with a little boiling water, and stir gently for a few minutes. Pour off the water, put in a little butter and some pepper, and pour in half a teacupful of cream, dredge a little flour over it, and when it begins to thicken take it off the fire."

Her potatoes she cooks this way: boil with the skins on, but not until they are broken and overdone; takes the skins off, and cuts the potatoes longwise, in four parts. She does this the day before. Then at breakfast she fries in hot, melted butter until they are brown, and turns them and

lets them brown on the other side. Sometimes she rolls the pieces in flour, and dips them in the beaten yolk of egg, and then fries them brown.

The last time I was at her house she was busy dying carpet-filling to make the fancy stripe in a very choice web of carpet for the best bed-room. The fancy stripe was to be mainly red, and green, and purple. The purple was dyed with cudbear, the finest red with cochineal, and the sea-green was something new that I had never heard of. She took one ounce of blue vitriol and one ounce of alum, dissolved each separately in earthen vessels in hot water, dipped the goods in the alum water, drained and put them in the vitriol water; this may have to be done two or three times; then dry and wash in saleratus water. This will color one pound of goods. For the centre of a rug to lie in a room not used much, there is nothing any prettier than this shade of sea-green. The goods, however, should be soft merino, or some soft, fine kind of thick all-wool goods. The quality of the rags used in making rugs has much to do with their beauty.

The girls say: "Don't forget, Pipsey, to tell the women that no matter how hard they have to work, they must take time to rest, and run around a little and enjoy the beautiful October. If they cannot go journeys, or to make real visits, they must go out in the woods among the tinted leaves and inhale the crisp, free air, and see how superbly October does come to us with stately step, and garments all a-gleam with the gold and the glory that is ours only once a year."

I begin to say that the poor women are so tired, maybe they would see none of the beauty and the grandeur that young eyes see, but a little hand slips over my mouth, and the words are lost; and it is best, for really there is better medicine in "all outdoors" for any tired woman than there ever will be in an apothecary shop. If women only would let their duties and burdens fall from their hands oftener, and go abroad and see how other people live, and see how much grander it is outdoors than indoors; if they would care less for dress and a variety of food, and let the sweet, loving burdens of their beloved families lie lighter upon their hearts, there would be fewer spruce old widowers prinking around looking out for second wives; and, ah me! there would be fewer dear little children going about motherless and on the road to ruin!

No woman has any right to shorten her life one day; or even from very love and blind devotion to her idols to die for them, to sacrifice herself for them.

Now I write this lovingly for the true mothers, who never know when they have done their duty to their children, and I want them to take it to heart. I don't mean that worthless class who are never at home, and who neglect their families, and live a mere idle, aimless, gossipy, trifling life, and whose children are worse than orphans. I have nothing to say to them; they come not under the head of women such as I am thinking of, and loving, and pitying, and writing for. But I shall stop with this, for my eyes feel as though

they looked like a cat's eyes when her tail is caught by the closing door.

One day, after we came home from church, Ida said: "Oh, I like that preacher! he must be a good man, for did you not hear how reverently he spoke of woman?"

Yes, I had heard it, and I felt so good and proud, 'cause I was a woman. Do you all love that poem called "MAN AND WOMAN?" Why it swings me right up!

"Where'er man's words of eloquence
Inspire and rouse a nation,
There breathes through all the undertone
Of woman's inspiration.
And whether hers are lofty words
That nerve to fiery trial,
Or only meek and lowly deeds
Of love and self-denial,
In tones so clear, and true, and sweet,
They ring the wide world over;
She speaks from out her heart to ours,
And men and angels love her."

THE ADORNMENT OF OUR HOMES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

In these papers it has not been so much my purpose to give the proper details of house furnishing and arrangement, as to supply hints which should lead the housekeeper, be she young or old, to beautify and render attractive, and, above all, to individualize the home over which she presides. The great lack of too many homes is this very individuality. Each is patterned after the other. Mrs. A. sees Mrs. B. furnish her parlors with Brussels and horse-hair, and thereafter Mrs. A. is never contented until her own parlor is resplendent with the same. If she were a woman of individual tastes, that Mrs. B. displays Brussels and horse-hair would be to her a sufficient reason why she should not. If people could only learn to express their own likings and supply their own needs, in the furnishing of their homes, the results would be, in nine cases out of ten, more satisfactory than they are now.

Did none of you ever enter a room which, at the first glance, seemed a bower of beauty, all aglow with light and cheerfulness? And was not the first thought, how different this is from other rooms, and yet how pretty, how delightful? Perhaps an analysis of the surroundings would reveal only a matting upon the floor, unpretending furniture and inexpensive adornments; but the soul of the dweller has shone through it all and given character to it. In such a room you will almost always find flowers—plenty of them; flowers at the window, in vines which climb luxuriantly, and in hanging-baskets, and in choice bouquets upon the table. There will be pictures upon the wall—not costly oil paintings, perhaps, but pictures which, in their excellence, will not shock the eye of an artist. In these days of excellent and cheap engravings and chromos, there is no excuse, save want of proper knowledge in these matters—and that should hardly serve as an excuse—for covering the walls of a room with ugly and poor pictures. Very pretty chromos are literally given away, and fine engravings can be ob-

tained for a trifle. The apartment to which I have referred will not be bookless. Indeed no room seems properly furnished without books.

Pictures, books and flowers are, to my mind, the three great essentials in the furnishing and adornment of a room. Given these in plenty, and of the best, and it does not much matter what else there is. No one knows, until she has tried, the capabilities of flowers. Whatever the outlook of the room, the windows can be made available as flower gardens. A north light seems the most unpromising, but a little experience will demonstrate that wonders can be done with it. In the first place, it can be framed with German ivy. There are various plants suitable for hanging-baskets which require the shade, and which constantly do better in a northern light than in any other. A box may be filled with fresh moss, which may be gathered along the edge of a swamp or stream, leaving in it all the tiny maples, cedars and other small plants which may be growing with it; and if this moss is kept well watered, it will be beautiful and green for many months, and the plants will grow, and become a perpetual source of delight. In this moss may be set pots of house plants—geraniums, coleus, begonias or caladiums, and they will flourish all the better for the coolness furnished by the damp moss.

A window garden at the east, south or west, may be made by fastening on the outside of the house, just beneath the window, a box, to which a frame reaching to the top of the window shall be attached. This frame should be covered with wire or cotton netting, so that the window may be opened upon the garden, and at the same time the flies and mosquitoes be excluded. In this box, which should be filled with dirt, may be planted a variety of things. One such a window which I have seen is beautiful with tradescantia, Kenilworth ivy, fuchsias and a pretty moss-like plant, the name of which I have forgotten. Another is green with the Madeira vine, whose clustering waxen leaves are a perpetual delight, while the vines have climbed to the very top of the enclosing frame, and hang in graceful festoons from side to side.

A few hints ought to enable the ingenious flower culturist to invent many beautiful adornments for the available places of her home.

I think many people undervalue beauty as an element in their homes. Others who would possess it if they knew how it is to be obtained, have an idea that it is a luxury only to be purchased with money. Money may bring beauty, but it does not always do it. The ugliest parlor I ever entered was rich with gorgeous carpet and heavy furniture; and mantel *etagere* and tables were crowded with costly ornaments which were showy but not beautiful.

Even where beauty is recognized as something desirable, it is too often shut away out of sight in unused parlors, while the habited portions of the house are left bare and unattractive. Every room should have its pictures upon the wall; and if the house-mistress have time, every room should have its daily bouquet. There is a prevalent idea that growing plants in our chambers are injurious

is good. He has been better to us than all our fears! You will hardly believe it, but I am to be Deacon Strong's rent collector and agent in the place of Peter Maxwell. I've seen the deacon, and it's all settled."

Gilbert felt the form of his wife shrinking heavily against him; and looking into her face,

saw that it was white as ashes. The reaction of feeling had been too great. This fullness of joy, breaking so suddenly on the darkness of her soul, was more than she had strength to bear, and she lay fainting in the arms of her husband, but only for a little while.

(To be concluded in next number.)

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 10.

I THINK I told you once before the nicest way of cooking green corn that I know of; but some of the women-readers did not hear me, and I want them to know, too.

Shave and scrape the corn off the cob; have the spider hot, with a lump of good butter in it, and when it is hot enough to fry the corn, pour it in and cover up closely. Do not add any water; the moisture already in the corn, and the steam that generates, will keep it from burning. Season with salt and pepper, and fry until a light brown. This is the nicest way known of cooking green corn. All the sweetness is in it that there is in ears which have been roasted. Old people especially will like corn cooked this way.

I read a recipe lately in which the writer says a custard pie must bake one hour. Now don't one of you believe such nonsense! If a custard pie was baked one hour in a hot oven, the sweet whey would separate and leave a shrivelled curd, and the crust would be a crisp; if it was in a moderately hot oven that length of time, the crust would be soggy, and no more like pie than a piece of wet leather.

No doubt the dear lady who wrote it could conjugate a Latin verb through all the tenses, but she could not bake a custard pie.

Now I'm not smart, but, with dry wood, I can make the custard and paste and bake three pies in twenty minutes. There is no kind of pie so easily made or so speedily baked. Only the crust needs to bake, the custard to *set*. That is the word cooks use.

To make good custard pies, take a quart bowl nearly full of good unskimmed milk, three well-beaten eggs, a pinch of salt and a coffee-cup two-thirds full of sugar. This quantity will make three pies. Bake in a hot oven. When the custard is set, or done, it will seem to rise up from the edge of the pie tin, and will quake like jelly when you jar it gently. If it does this it is good, and your ingredients have been in proportion. I always flour the tin, so I can slip the pie off on cloth or on a paper to cool. Do not grease your pie-tins, there is no occasion to do so; if you do, the pies will become torn or broken in taking them off. Always see that they are perfectly dry, and then rub flower over them, and turn over and shake the unnecessary quantity off.

I make pumpkin and squash pies exactly like custard, the ingredients all in the same proportion, and then add the finely-strained stewed pumpkin or squash, being careful not to put in too much, else the pie will be dry.

We often have mashed squash left from dinner, that comes back again in the form of a pie. In this case one must be careful and not season with pepper; the salt and butter seasoning in the sauce only makes the pie better.

It is night now, and I must quit. To-morrow I will tell you how I make pie-crust. I only learned how within a year to make "de flaky kind," like Aunt Chloe did.

Take about a pound and a half of flour and half a pound of butter; wet it with cold water enough to make a stiff paste. Flour the board well, roll out rather thin, and spread with butter the same as you would spread a piece of bread; scatter flour over pretty thickly; commence at one end and roll it up, and tuck in the ends smoothly. Then roll it out again on the well-floured board, rolling from you all the time. Butter again; scatter flour over until all the butter is well covered; roll up, and roll out, and roll from you, and keep on rolling and cutting up with the rolling-pin until your paste has been buttered and rolled out five times, using plenty of flour all the while; then cut a piece off the end about the right size for one cover; flour it well when you go to roll it out, so that it will not stick to the board. Handle just as lightly and as little as possible; don't knead your paste, or the fragments you cut off from the edges, a particle; work with your fingers' ends kind of gingerly, as if you didn't like to do such things—just pretending; you understand. Keep everything as cold as possible; mix with ice-cold water, and let your butter be cold, and your hands.

I hope I have made this so plain that any little woman will understand how it is done, and that hereafter no more soggy, tough, dark, hard pies will come to her table, if they did before.

When we make, instead of butter we use half lard; you would scarcely know the difference; but if for any special occasion you desire to make the best pies possible, use butter entirely.

I was at Van Doodle's yesterday—went over to dye an old purple merino dress for grandma. They think nobody can color black like Pipsey Potts, and as the Van Doodles are members in good standing in the regular Baptist church, the same as the Pottses, it was no more than my duty to go over and do them this little favor. The old

Lady's dress was a gift from a rich brother, long, long ago, while she was nursing her Mary Elizabeth yet.

Granny looked out at the dress when it was hanging on the line and she said: "Pipsey can color gowns till they're black as a raven."

I took special pains with it because it will be her best dress, likely, as long as she lives. I strained the dye for fear a bit of a chip or sediment would be in it and spot the dress. Ever such a little fragment will spot if it clings to the fabric. I was careful, too, not to wring the dress, all the while I was handling it. I just drained it, for fear of creasing or breaking the well-kept merino.

I will give my recipe, for it may be that at this season of the year others may be renovating old dresses to reline and remodel ready for winter. I would not try to dye any old worsted dress a beautiful black, unless it was all wool, and soft goods, then. An alpaca, smooth, and stiff, and lustrous, will not dye handsomely. For four pounds of goods take two ounces of blue vitriol and eight of the extract of logwood, or, if you prefer, instead, three pounds of logwood chips. Put each separately in twelve quarts of water, the logwood in an iron vessel, the vitriol in brass; bring both to a boiling heat, dip the cloth into the vitriol water first, then into the logwood water, and alternately from one to the other till it has been dipped in each three times. Then dry, wash in strong suds, rinse in soft, cold water, and press on the wrong side when damp. This color does not rub off nor fade, and is good for silk, cotton, lace, but better for wool.

The Van Doodles have no cistern, and they have a barrel standing under the eaves and catch what water they can. Brother Van Doodle is an easy, shiftless man, one who means well, and means to have things handy about the house for the patient women, but, somehow, the time never comes for him to "fix things." He takes time, however, to make great, substantial hog-pens with several compartments in them; one to eat in, and one to sleep in, and one to scratch in, and smooth down twisted bristles, and be content generally. He also makes racks for the dining-halls of his sheep, and roofs for the little calves to stand under when it rains, and warm straw sheds for his cows in daytime and stables for them at night; but for his wife and daughters he makes no extra fixings, nothing except what will meet the stern demands of necessity. When I was there the girls were getting ready to wash the next day and the barrel of rain water was not very clean, the fine lint off from the shingles was in the water and stuff that had blown in from the dusty street, but the oldest girl was not a bit disconcerted, she knew what to do. She pounded some alum very fine and to the barrelful of water she added about two heaping tablespoonfuls, slowly, stirring it all the time. She said in the course of three hours all the sediment and impure particles would settle to the bottom and the water would be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of pure spring water.

It occurs to me that I have read somewhere that quite dirty water, say suds, could be made clean

by adding pulverized alum to it, that the sediment would settle and the water be left pure enough to use for a first suds. It seems probable.

Granny used to make this nice pudding in the season of ripe peaches. Make a batter the same as for pancakes, with buttermilk, eggs, soda and flour, only add a cupful of sour cream to the buttermilk. Take a deep, brown earthen dish and pour half an inch thick of the batter in the bottom of it, then put in a layer of very fine, juicy, ripe peaches, cut in halves or in smaller pieces. Then pour over a layer of the batter, then add another layer of peaches, and so on until you have what you think is enough for a meal. Do not fill the dish full to the top. Bake slowly for one hour. If the juice rises and runs out, lift the edge of the crust with a fork and it will run back. I forgot to say that the last layer must be batter. If you have any doubts about it not being done at the end of one hour, run a clean broom splint down into it in the thickest place. If it comes out perfectly smooth it is done. To be eaten with cream and sugar, or cream and butter.

Father asks me what I am writing, and when I tell him, he says he thought, yesterday, of a good little item for the "Household," but really he doesn't know as he could tell it so I can make it intelligible to the readers of the HOME. I call for the item, anyhow, and with much hesitancy—as though he thought it was a wonderful thing for a horny-handed old farmer to write for the papers—he gives it; his way to prevent cows from kicking while one is milking. He says, put a broad strap just in front of the udder and around over the back of the animal, draw the strap tight and buckle it. He says a cow cannot kick if she is laced up this way, it is impossible, and that she can be handled without difficulty. He says a few applications will cure the worst cases. He said, too, while he was in the mood for writing, that he saw such a cute little table-mat the other day at the hotel in Newville. It was a piece of colored cloth cut oval, or circular, with the edges pinked, and in each scallop a white button was sewed on. The same in the middle made in the shape of a star. These little contrivances will keep the hot dishes from heating the table and are a tolerable substitute for mats of braided husk or straw.

It is a good time now for those who buy their butter to lay in enough to carry them through the winter. Buy of some person who makes good, solid, sweet butter; it is convenient to have it put up in two-pound rolls; wrap each roll in a bit of white muslin and pack down in a firkin or keg; cover with good brine, lay plates over, and then put on a clean weight, say a block of marble, if you have it.

If we have our butter to buy and can possibly get a good quality, it is advisable to purchase it in the fall, just as we lay in our stock of wood, and coal, and vegetables. I do not have much sympathy for those people who neglect these things and then all through the winter live in fear and dread and on a strain, not knowing where the

bread, and fuel, and the common necessities of life are to come from. I know a great many families who are always out of wood, or flour, or feed for stock, just when the weather is the most unfavorable for getting such things. It is not good economy, and is indicative of mismanagement.

Even in the matter of bread, management is necessary. Every woman knows how difficult it is to bake during very cold weather. I turned over a new leaf last winter, and the plan worked so well that some of you may profit by my experience, I would watch the thermometer and the barometer, and when moderate or rainy weather was indicated, would make fresh yeast and do a large baking—enough to last us two weeks or longer—store it away in the cellar, and the burden and worry would be off my mind. I regard it as a calamity to be entirely out of bread.

If bread is wet up with water, and no potatoes used in the yeast, it will not become dry as soon as though these had been used. Let the dough be as soft as can be managed well; knead so long that it will not stick to the hands nor the kneading-board, and until it is perfectly smooth. If some of the last loaves got a little dry, we steamed and heated them, and made them quite like new bread.

I did not mean to write about bread in this month; it is untimely, and belongs to the winter; but my pen ran into it imperceptibly. While on the subject, we will tell how a good neighbor of ours makes such delicious biscuit for breakfast. I give it in her own words:

"Sift a quart of flour into a pan; make a hole in the centre, and pour in not quite half a pint of hot milk, in which a spoonful of butter has been dissolved. Stir it into the flour partially, and when lukewarm add one beaten egg, a little salt and a teacupful of good yeast. Work the whole into a lump of dough, kneading until it is smooth. If it is winter time, set it in a warm place; if summer, put it in a cool place. In the morning turn the lump upon the moulding-board, flouring it a little; knead softly, roll out half an inch thick, cut the biscuit the size of the top of a tumbler, and set them in a warm place to rise. In thirty minutes they will be ready to bake, and will be puffed up to four times their size."

My neighbor says that there is a little breakfast relish which her husband and children always expect with their morning biscuit, and she never forgets to make it, either.

She says: "Chip some smoked beef, and drop into boiling water to soften. Let it lie ten minutes, and then put it into a spider with a little boiling water, and stir gently for a few minutes. Pour off the water, put in a little butter and some pepper, and pour in half a teacupful of cream, dredge a little flour over it, and when it begins to thicken take it off the fire."

Her potatoes she cooks this way: boil with the skins on, but not until they are broken and overdone; takes the skins off, and cuts the potatoes longwise, in four parts. She does this the day before. Then at breakfast she fries in hot, melted butter until they are brown, and turns them and

lets them brown on the other side. Sometimes she rolls the pieces in flour, and dips them in the beaten yolk of egg, and then fries them brown.

The last time I was at her house she was busy dyeing carpet-filling to make the fancy stripe in a very choice web of carpet for the best bed-room. The fancy stripe was to be mainly red, and green, and purple. The purple was dyed with eudbear, the finest red with cochineal, and the sea-green was something new that I had never heard of. She took one ounce of blue vitriol and one ounce of alum, dissolved each separately in earthen vessels in hot water, dipped the goods in the alum water, drained and put them in the vitriol water; this may have to be done two or three times; then dry and wash in sateratus water. This will color one pound of goods. For the centre of a rug to lie in a room not used much, there is nothing any prettier than this shade of sea-green. The goods, however, should be soft merino, or some soft, fine kind of thick all-wool goods. The quality of the rags used in making rugs has much to do with their beauty.

The girls say: "Don't forget, Pipsey, to tell the women that no matter how hard they have to work, they must take time to rest, and run around a little and enjoy the beautiful October. If they cannot go journeys, or to make real visits, they must go out in the woods among the tinted leaves and inhale the crisp, free air, and see how superbly October does come to us with stately step, and garments all a-gleam with the gold and the glory that is ours only once a year."

I begin to say that the poor women are so tired, maybe they would see none of the beauty and the grandeur that young eyes see, but a little hand slips over my mouth, and the words are lost; and it is best, for really there is better medicine in "all outdoors" for any tired woman than there ever will be in an apothecary shop. If women only would let their duties and burdens fall from their hands oftener, and go abroad and see how other people live, and see how much grander it is outdoors than indoors; if they would care less for dress and a variety of food, and let the sweet, loving burdens of their beloved families lie lighter upon their hearts, there would be fewer spruce old widowers prinking around looking out for second wives; and, ah me! there would be fewer dear little children going about motherless and on the road to ruin!

No woman has any right to shorten her life one day; or even from very love and blind devotion to her idols to die for them, to sacrifice herself for them.

Now I write this lovingly for the true mothers, who never know when they have done their duty to their children, and I want them to take it to heart. I don't mean that worthless class who are never at home, and who neglect their families, and live a mere idle, aimless, gossipy, trifling life, and whose children are worse than orphans. I have nothing to say to them; they come not under the head of women such as I am thinking of, and loving, and pitying, and writing for. But I shall stop with this, for my eyes feel as though

they looked like a cat's eyes when her tall is caught by the closing door.

One day, after we came home from church, Ida said: "Oh, I like that preacher! he must be a good man, for did you not hear how reverently he spoke of woman?"

Yes, I had heard it, and I felt so good and proud, 'cause I was a woman. Do you all love that poem called "MAN AND WOMAN?" Why it swings me right up!

"Where'er man's words of eloquence
Inspire and rouse a nation,
There breathes through all the undertone
Of woman's inspiration.
And whether hers are lofty words
That nerve to fiery trial,
Or only meek and lowly deeds
Of love and self-denial,
In tones so clear, and true, and sweet,
They ring the wide world over;
She speaks from out her heart to ours,
And men and angels love her."

THE ADORNMENT OF OUR HOMES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

IN these papers it has not been so much my purpose to give the proper details of house furnishing and arrangement, as to supply hints which should lead the housekeeper, be she young or old, to beautify and render attractive, and, above all, to individualize the home over which she presides. The great lack of too many homes is this very individuality. Each is patterned after the other. Mrs. A. sees Mrs. B. furnish her parlors with Brussels and horse-hair, and thereafter Mrs. A. is never contented until her own parlor is resplendent with the same. If she were a woman of individual tastes, that Mrs. B. displays Brussels and horse-hair would be to her a sufficient reason why she should not. If people could only learn to express their own likings and supply their own needs, in the furnishing of their homes, the results would be, in nine cases out of ten, more satisfactory than they are now.

Did none of you ever enter a room which, at the first glance, seemed a bower of beauty, all aglow with light and cheerfulness? And was not the first thought, how different this is from other rooms, and yet how pretty, how delightful? Perhaps an analysis of the surroundings would reveal only a matting upon the floor, unpretending furniture and inexpensive adornments; but the soul of the dweller has shone through it all and given character to it. In such a room you will almost always find flowers—plenty of them; flowers at the window, in vines which climb luxuriantly, and in hanging-baskets, and in choice bouquets upon the table. There will be pictures upon the wall—not costly oil paintings, perhaps, but pictures which, in their excellence, will not shock the eye of an artist. In these days of excellent and cheap engravings and chromos, there is no excuse, save want of proper knowledge in these matters—and that should hardly serve as an excuse—for covering the walls of a room with ugly and poor pictures. Very pretty chromos are literally given away, and fine engravings can be ob-

tained for a trifle. The apartment to which I have referred will not be bookless. Indeed no room seems properly furnished without books.

Pictures, books and flowers are, to my mind, the three great essentials in the furnishing and adornment of a room. Given these in plenty, and of the best, and it does not much matter what else there is. No one knows, until she has tried, the capabilities of flowers. Whatever the outlook of the room, the windows can be made available as flower gardens. A north light seems the most unpromising, but a little experience will demonstrate that wonders can be done with it. In the first place, it can be framed with German ivy. There are various plants suitable for hanging-baskets which require the shade, and which constantly do better in a northern light than in any other. A box may be filled with fresh moss, which may be gathered along the edge of a swamp or stream, leaving in it all the tiny maples, cedars and other small plants which may be growing with it; and if this moss is kept well watered, it will be beautiful and green for many months, and the plants will grow, and become a perpetual source of delight. In this moss may be set pots of house plants—geraniums, coleus, begonias or caladiums, and they will flourish all the better for the coolness furnished by the damp moss.

A window garden at the east, south or west, may be made by fastening on the outside of the house, just beneath the window, a box, to which a frame reaching to the top of the window shall be attached. This frame should be covered with wire or cotton netting, so that the window may be opened upon the garden, and at the same time the flies and mosquitoes be excluded. In this box, which should be filled with dirt, may be planted a variety of things. One such a window which I have seen is beautiful with tradescantia, Kenilworth ivy, fuschias and a pretty moss-like plant, the name of which I have forgotten. Another is green with the Madeira vine, whose clustering waxen leaves are a perpetual delight, while the vines have climbed to the very top of the enclosing frame, and hang in graceful festoons from side to side.

A few hints ought to enable the ingenious flower culturist to invent many beautiful adornments for the available places of her home.

I think many people undervalue beauty as an element in their homes. Others who would possess it if they knew how it is to be obtained, have an idea that it is a luxury only to be purchased with money. Money may bring beauty, but it does not always do it. The ugliest parlor I ever entered was rich with gorgeous carpet and heavy furniture; and mantel *etagere* and tables were crowded with costly ornaments which were showy but not beautiful.

Even where beauty is recognized as something desirable, it is too often shut away out of sight in unused parlors, while the habited portions of the house are left bare and unattractive. Every room should have its pictures upon the wall; and if the house-mistress have time, every room should have its daily bouquet. There is a prevalent idea that growing plants in our chambers are injurious

to health; but recent investigations have demonstrated that, on the contrary, their presence is very beneficial, since they take up the impurities of the air, and give out in abundance the essentials for health. With this knowledge, there is no reason why we should not make our sleeping apartments beautiful with green and budding life, if we have but the time to give them the necessary attention. Cut flowers cannot be so fully recommended, and, if used at all in the decoration of a chamber, should be removed as soon as they begin to droop in the least, as the emanations from decaying vegetable matter are very objectionable in a room.

No house is furnished without its library. Children cannot be properly educated and trained for usefulness in the world who have not acquired a habit of frequent reading. They can only truly know life by familiarizing themselves with the best thoughts of others, through the medium of books and papers. Not that I would say that there can be no good men and women who have no taste for reading; but such people are narrowed in their views of life, and even if they seek to do good in the world, they do not know enough of human nature to know how best to work; so that often their efforts are more productive of harm than

good. But by a library I would not mean a collection of popular novels, and nothing else. No library for family use should be entirely devoid of works of fiction; since these are in these modern days among the greatest agencies for moral teaching; but they should be selected with judicious care, and all save the very best excluded. There should be histories, travels and works on popular science. Besides these books, there should be abundance of good newspapers, and children should be brought up in such an atmosphere of books and papers that they would miss their dinner scarcely more than their daily reading.

I have said nothing about the outer surroundings of the home; and yet this is quite as important as the interior arrangements. Every home should be beautiful without as well as within; and this beautifying belongs as much to the province of the house-mistress as does the care of her parlor and kitchen. Be sure, if she does not make an effort to have the external surroundings of her empire attractive, no one else is likely to do so. But if she shows interest and desire in this direction, she will prove the inspiration of many willing hands, which will work at first, perhaps, to please her, but afterwards from the love of beauty born within their own hearts.

Religious Reading.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

BY THE LATE CANON KINGSLEY.

THREE is a discontent which is certain sooner or later to bring with it the peace of God. There is a discontent which drives the peace of God away, forever and a day. And the noble and peace-bringing discontent is to be discontented with ourselves, as very few are. And the mean peace-destroying discontent is to be discontented with things around us, as too many are. * * * Ask yourselves with Epictetus, Am I discontented with things which are in my own power, or with things which are not in my own power? That is, discontented with myself, or with things which are not myself? Am I discontented with myself, or with things about me, and outside of me?

Consider this last question well, if you wish to be true Christians, true philosophers, and, indeed, true men and women.

But what is it that troubles you? What is it you want altered? On what have you set your heart and affections? Is it something outside of you? Something which is *not* yourself? If so, there is no use in tormenting your soul about it; for it is not in your own power, and you will never alter it to your liking; and, more, you need not alter it; for you are not responsible for it. God sends it as it is, for better, for worse, and you must make up your mind to what God sends. Do I mean that we are to submit, slavishly, to circumstances, like dumb animals? Heaven forbid! We are not slaves, but free men. And we are

made in God's image, and have each our spark, however dim, of that creative genius, that power of creating or of altering circumstances, by which God made all worlds; and to use that is our very birthright, or what would all education, progress, civilization be, save rebellion against God?

But when we have done our utmost, how little shall we have done! Canst thou, asks our Lord, looking with loving sadness on the hurry and the struggle of human life—canst thou, by taking thought, add one cubit to thy stature? Why, is there a wise man or woman past fifty years of age who does not know that, in spite of all their toil and struggle, they have gone not whither they willed, but whither God willed? Have they not found out that for one circumstance of their lives which they could alter, there have been twenty which they could not, some born with them, some forced on them by an overruling Providence, irresistible indeed—but, as I hold, most loving and most fatherly, though often severe—even to agony—but irresistible still—till what they have really gained by fighting circumstances, however valiantly, has been the *moral gain*—the gain in character?—the power to live that heroic life which

"Is not as idle ore,
But heated hot with burning fears,
And bathed in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the strokes of doom,
To shape and use." * * *

The majority of mankind want to be, and to do, and to have, a hundred things which are not in their own power, and of which they have no

proof that God intends to give them; no proof either that if they had them, they would make right use of them, and certainly no proof at all that if they had them they would find peace. They war and fight, and have not because they ask not. They ask and have not because they ask amiss, to consume it on their lusts; and so they spend their lives without peace, longing, struggling for things outside of them, the greater part of which they do not get, because the getting them is not in their power, and which if they got they could not keep.

And therefore does man walk in a vain shadow, and disquiet himself in vain, looking for peace where it is not to be found—in everything and anything save in his own heart, in duty and in God.

But happy are they who are discontented with a divine discontent; discontented with themselves. Happy are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness. Happy are they who set their hearts on the one thing which is in their own power—being better than they are, and doing better than they do. Happy are they who long and labor after the true riches neither mob nor tyrants, man nor devil, prosperity nor adversity, or any chance or change of mortal life can take from them.

The man, I say, who has set his heart on being good, has set his heart on the one thing that is in his power; the one thing that depends wholly and solely on his own will; the one thing which he can have if he chooses. Moreover, he has set his heart on the one thing which cannot be taken from him. God will not take it from him, and man, and fortune, and misfortune cannot take it from him. Poverty, misery, disease, death itself, cannot make less just, less true, less pure, less charitable, less high-minded, less like God. * * *

Therefore that man is at peace with himself, for his conscience tells him that he is, if not doing his best, yet trying to do his best, better and better day by day. He is at peace with the world, for most men are longing and quarreling for pleasant things outside them, for which he does not greatly care, while he is longing and striving for good things inside him, in his own heart and soul; and so the world goes one way, and he another, and their desires do not interfere with each other. But, more, that man is at peace with God. * * *

And so the peace of God keeps that man's heart free from vain desires and angry passions, and his mind from those false and foolish judgments which make the world think things important which are quite unimportant; and, again, fancy things un-

important which are more important to them than the riches of the whole world.

My dear friends, if you wish for the only true and sound peace, which is the peace of God, do your duty and try to be as good as you can, each in his station in life.

SELF-RENUNCIATION.

BY LOIS LAURIE.

ONE thought among Mrs. Browning's high and holy-spoken melodies, is a complete sermon, perfect in its full-grown strength. Where she speaks of Mary—Mary the blessed (wandering among the "moonlit hills of Galilee," in the strong still silence, listening to God's voice through the awe-filled hush,) as "too self-renounced for fears."

I have often thought that this self-renunciation was the open door to all really soul-satisfying communion with nature. Only when utter self-forgetfulness has calmed us into peace, without one pulsation of our own, can we lay our heart on the heart of the universe, and catch its deep, strong beats of life, learning a little of the majestic rhythm which has not yet died away, even if we no longer hear the morning stars singing together. This same renunciation is the secret of perfect ease before God, and our fellow-men as well.

It is something earnestly to be wished for, this measuring ourselves justly and calmly, with the perfect measure He marks our height by! to know not only our most helpless weakness and the darkest depths of earthliness there are in us, but to know also the very perfection of our strength, the possibilities of good, estimating ourselves at our true worth; then to walk bravely on, sure that the One whose love is purer than woman's best holds us for all we are, not letting ourselves be greatly moved by human blame if He approve, not solicitous for other commendation, yet when given, taking it gladly, as we take the music of trees and perfume of flowers, so rich in the possession of the favor of the highest as not to need any lesser recognition.

I think a sincere utterance of "Thy will be done," is synonymous with this "self-renunciation," and that only when we "lose ourselves," do we "find ourselves," in the highest and purest sense.

The cry is still "shrilling along," "O Galahad! and O Galahad! follow me," that man may gain, "letting his own life go," a sacred, everlasting calm, a peace not as the world giveth.

Mother's Department.

"WAIT A WEE."

BY EDITH W. KENT.

DEAR mothers! you all know with what heartfelt joy, with what tenderness, longing and unutterable, we greet our loved ones upon returning to them after long absence! Then you can understand just how I feel on taking

up my pen to talk with you. Why, bless you! I love every one of you—do you not know it? Ah, if I could but convert the words I write for you into telegraph wires, and flash this love "along the lines," from my heart to yours!

This, however, is quite impossible; but if the old adage, "love begets love," be true, I can well afford to go on working in the hope to help or

comfort you, and wait for things to come around right in the good old-fashioned way!

Did it never occur to you that we might oftentimes spare ourselves much unhappiness, if we were only willing to wait for our blessings? I sometimes think we make half our troubles by our own impatience. We are apt to look upon ourselves as very ill-used mortals indeed, when our cherished plans are deterred, or fail of accomplishment altogether. We would do well to remember that the blessings which our Father has in store for us will not come one whit the sooner for all our weak complaining; but in His own time and way will His every purpose of love toward us be accomplished.

"It may not be *my way*,
It may not be *thy way*,
And yet in His *own way*
The Lord will provide.

"It may not be *my time*,
It may not be *thy time*,
And yet in His *own time*
The Lord will provide."

And is it not a precious thought, that our Father has blessings "*in store*" for us—blessings which He will bestow on us *when we are ready for them*? Our lot in life may at times seem hard, our burdens many and heavy, our afflictions too great to be borne; each one has their own peculiar trials which no other human being can exactly or fully comprehend. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy." But whatever our trials may be, let us remember that as great mercy is often shown in refusing as in granting, in depriving as in bestowing; that "grief" is sent us "for our good," and whether or not it fail in its mission, depends entirely upon ourselves—on the manner in which we accept it, the spirit in which we pass through it; and He who seeth us and knoweth for what our discipline has fitted us, knoweth when to give and when to withhold. Let us remember that

In joy or grief, in shade or sun,
Whatever may befall
Is from our Father's tender hand—
His love is over all.

And, remembering, let us be patient.

"Ah!" says one, "it is easy to talk, but hard to perform. To say, 'Be patient,' is all very well; but patience is a great thing—a difficult thing—its magnitude appalls one."

Yes, I know. And patience is indeed a great and a grand thing; and yet so easy of attainment is it, when we come to understand the beautiful simplicity of its meaning, that even the weakest of us may grasp it, if we only will, and keep it for our very own.

"What is patience?" No better or more comprehensive reply can be given than that beautiful answer of the little Scotch girl: "Wait a wee and dinna weary."

Does the clouds gather thickly about you? And is your pathway rough, and your blessings hidden from your sight? "Wait a little and do not weary." Wait a little while, and trust your Father's love. "At eventime," if not before, "it shall be light." Trust Him, do His will, and morning shall

break for you; if not here, then on "the other side."

"Wait a wee and dinna weary!" Carry these words in your heart—their very presence there brings peace and comfort. Adopt this as your motto, and it imparts strength to overcome a thousand temptations.

How many hearts, once loving, but wounded and estranged for all time, through angry words or unkind acts, might now be rejoicing in the sunlight of love and happiness, had some one only been wise enough to "wait a little!" How many homes, where distrust and contention reign, might be the abodes of harmony, of trust and love, had husband and wife always been careful to wait a little before saying or doing aught that could pain the other—to wait a little, and consider whether it were not wiser left unsaid or undone! Surely, none are so weak or so hasty that they cannot, with God's help, discipline themselves to do this.

"For the sake of their children, if not their own," would it not be better (though under extreme provocation) to wait a little, and ponder the probable consequences, before turning home into a place of strife and bickering? Many and many a time is it the hand of parents—their life-example—that sows in the hearts of their children the seed that produces a querulous, selfish, discordant spirit, an embittered disposition—evil fruit, but for which they might become the pleasantest of life-companions and best of parents. How unkind for a parent to cast this dark shadow over innocent hearts and future homes!

A fretful, hasty spirit, it should be remembered, is a deadly enemy to happiness; and when it once gains entrance to a family, it eats out the very heart of all home-happiness, peace or comfort. Wherever it insinuates itself, and abides for any length of time, none, old or young, can wholly escape its toils; therefore, let the doors of heart and home be barred, and doubly barred, against it.

Should those from whom we have a right to expect better things speak hastily, cruelly, unkindly, so that their words sink deep into our hearts, and we are tempted to give back harsh, bitter or sarcastic words, let us wait a little, and weary not in the endeavor to gain complete victory over self; for though in the beginning we may sometimes fail partially or entirely, if we still keep on trying the victory shall yet be won.

Do your little ones fret you? Then do not scold, but wait a little, and think if there is not some better way. Scolding is a very disagreeable habit, and a habit that grows upon one rapidly; it is also exceedingly "contagious." If parents scold, their children will learn to do so. Instead of making wrinkles between her eyes, her voice loud and harsh, and her words such as, in her calm moments, she would be shocked to hear from the lips of her little ones, would it not be better for a mother to wait a little, and consider how her habitual expression of countenance, how each word and act, leaves its impress on the minds and character of her children?

If those having the care of children would govern them successfully, they must first learn to control themselves. Patience is one of the few

things of which there can never, in any place, be too much; and perhaps nowhere is it more essential than in the every-day life of *home*.

To be "slow to anger," to be able to "rule" our "spirit," may, with some of us, be very difficult, or progress in the endeavor slow; but final success is *certain*, if "wait a wee and dinna weary" be our "watch-word."

LITTLE HARRY.

BY MAY HAINES.

WHERE is the place for little boys when their feet have crept into boots, and battered hats are pulled over their curls? When Harry pattered around in slippers, there were plenty to catch him, and kiss him, and trot him to "Banbury Cross," but now, when he ran through the house, all cried: "O Harry, do stay out of doors with those awful boots!"

They weren't awful boots—they were nice and new, with shining copper tips, and, as Harry lay and kicked them in the sunshine, he wondered why mamma and the girls didn't send papa out of doors, when he came stamping in at morning, noon and night! Ah, Harry, you are taking your first lesson. When your little frock gives way to pants, it will be still worse, in jackets you will hardly be tolerated, and from now, until the dawning of a moustache shades your upper lip, you may count yourself a nuisance, and only keep happy by wooing Mother Nature, who never tires of her boys.

Harry had made up his mind to go down town with papa that morning. He had been very silent, and very jubilant over the plan, and was swinging on the gate, with yellow curls peeping through the rents of the old straw hat, shoes half laced and the belt to his little plaid frock dangling behind, when papa came slowly out, lighting a cigar.

Harry did not think it best to walk by the side of so big a man, so jogged on behind, until papa, hearing the continuous trot, turned sharply around.

"You little rascal, march home! march!"

Just so he might have spoken to a dog—yet he loved his boy. Many fathers speak thus to their boys, yet they love them—but do the boys know it? Harry did not; with grieved mouth and tearful eyes, he walked slowly back and lay down upon the green grass. Looking up into the blue sky, he wondered if Heaven was very far away. He wished he had a little brother or sister to play with; he wished some one would have time to talk with him; and a little ant came along hunting for a bit of breakfast. Harry found a grain of sugar on his unwashed chin, and laid it down. Grateful ant bore it off in her tiny jaws. A dandelion, rich and golden, bloomed near the soft, rosy cheek. Harry plucked it, and buried his nose in the soft beauty. He vaguely wondered if cows ate dandelions to make their butter sweet and yellow; and the flower drooped its head and faded. Harry put it carefully back, but the stem would not stick, and it only wilted the more.

"It needs water," thought Harry, and ran around to the old barrel at the back of the house.

Not a drop there—the greedy sun had drank it all up. But what was that—the cistern open! That dark, deep place, always so carefully covered! and Harry could never get near, when they were drawing pure, sparkling water from it, without the cry: "Harry, Harry, keep away! there are bears down there!"

Now, Harry knew there were no bears there, for once he had peeped over Anna's shoulder, and saw a dear little boy face look up into his own. Bears eat boys, and boys don't live with bears, so he knew they told him wrong. Just as they told him the "black man" lived down cellar, and once, when the sun shone through the open doors, he had been down and looked all around, nothing but apples, and pies, and cream, and nice barrels of potatoes! They had often told him stories, so Harry was not afraid, as he leaned over the edge, and gazed into the dark waters below.

Yes, a gleam of sunshine struck the water, and sweet blue eyes gazed up into his. Harry reached out the faded dandelion.

"Little boy, down in the well, please give this poor flower a drink!"

Ah, Harry! Harry! He reached the blossom down! the little boy below reached up to take it. There was a splash—and Harry himself carried the flower down into the cool waters!

At dinner the little high chair was empty! they missed the clatter of knife and fork upon plate, they missed the sweet, noisy demands to be helped.

"Where is Harry?"

"I've called him, and called him," sighed mother, fretfully, "the boy is getting a regular nuisance! do go hunt him up, Anna."

Not in the barn—not under the apple-tree—not among the chickens—where is the boy? Ah, the cistern! A pale face leans over the edge, for a little straw hat is floating upon the water.

Why linger over the moans, the tears, the bitter self-reproach that followed? They saw a pale, cold form, the merry, rosy lips white and fixed, the blue eyes forever closed, the tangled curls damp in death, the restless hands still and waxen, and the dancing feet forever stilled. We may see a land of whose beauty we can only dream. Harry, with his innocent face, that no sin had darkened, gathered in loving arms, all his questions answered, all his wishes met, and angel children his playmates.

We lay our loved ones in their graves, with despairing grief, yet they await us in the glory and light. But knowing that to-day or to-morrow may be the last time on earth that we shall hear some loved voice, how can we speak harshly? How can we utter impatient words that our breaking hearts can never recall?—for only when the Golden Gates open to our longing souls, can we win that loving forgiveness from the dear eyes that death has closed.

IN all your actions think God sees you, and in all His actions labor to see Him: that will make you fear Him, this will move you to love Him. The fear of God is the beginning of knowledge, and knowledge of God is perfection of love.

The Home Circle.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 10.

I FOUND out something new the other day. Professor McWilliams's baby, about ten months old, has very light blue eyes; so pale, indeed, that people often say there is something not right about that baby's eyes, that they are defective, or its mind will be weak.

But why its eyes look pale and ugly came to me in such a strange way that I want to tell you about it, because I believe you girl-readers will find valuable information in it.

Tudie wanted a new pink dress to wear to a picnic, and her mother sent her six specimens of pink calico that she might make a selection, then she would buy the dress, and make and send it to her. We spread out the six pieces beside each other, and every one of us said: "None of them are pretty. This light pink looks dingy, and as if it had been worn out almost; this dark looks bold; this purple pink will not wash; this delicate shade will wear dimmer and dimmer; this makes us think of pokeberry stain; and this striped looks too positive and glaring."

The child was disappointed, and wrote home to her mother that none of the pieces were pretty; but the mother, divining the reason, selected the delicate pink with a little not of red in it, made up the dress and sent it, and it was just as pretty as pretty could be.

Now the reason was that we had laid the samples beside each other to compare them, and the different shades of pink had—had—I don't know how to tell it, so you will understand—but I believe they had injured, or belied, or killed each other. Any one piece alone would have been pretty. Tudie's mother must have thought how we had been induced to give such a sweeping judgment against the half-dozen pieces.

From this came the conclusion concerning baby McWilliams's eyes. I thought, and both my hands went up in surprise as I said: "Why that baby has always worn little blue sacques, and the light blue of its dear little eyes has suffered condemnation for no other reason."

I hurried over and told its mother, and she said she had no doubt but that was the reason, and ever since then baby's blue has been laid aside.

Then I remembered how annoyed I used to be last summer when Mary wore her hat trimmed in light blue gros-grain ribbon, and the ribbon about her neck was another shade of blue, and the blue of her eyes still another. I could not think what was wrong, I only knew that I was annoyed whenever she was dressed that one way.

I have not made this very plain, but you women readers will understand it perhaps better than I do.

Friday morning.—Such a laughable incident occurred yesterday in the afternoon; so ingenuous

and so charming that I laugh every time I think of it. Two gentlemen called to see Elsie and Margie. The girls were busy studying in their room, which is over the parlor. It is something a little rare for them to have gentlemen callers, as they are both young, and have never been out much. I sat in the parlor and entertained the gentlemen until the girls came down.

Poor little things! we could distinctly hear them bobbing around; their little feet patting here and there; the running into the closet for best dresses; the clink of the wash-bowl; the hair-brush dropped down hurriedly; the gaiters falling on the floor; the jumping down off chairs, on which they had stood when reaching up; the rustle of freshly starched garments; the running hither and thither for pins, jewelry, ribbons and combs; the impatient exclamation; the call for assistance; and, finally, the tip-toeing, and turning, and finishing touches added before the mirror; and then the steps turned from the room satisfied, and came down-stairs and into the parlor.

They wanted to be very agreeable, and were desirous of making a good impression, but they were tired, the glow of spirits had all effervesced, the excitement had died out, and I know they felt more like sleeping than talking. The conversation under such circumstances would be vapid, of course, and I have no doubt the girls felt relieved when the gentlemen left.

I heard one say to the other: "I never knew Mr. Jeffries to be so stupid; I didn't know what to talk about to keep him going. I talked weather, and school, and lectures, and he was so dull that I didn't know what next to say, and I returned to the weather subject again, and we talked past, present and prospective weather, until I thought it was his turn to carry the heavy end of the conversation."

"Just so with Mr. Jennings," said the other girl; "we talked weather, and books, and school, and teaching, and Black Hills; and I grew so sleepy that I seemed to see Mr. Jennings double every time I looked at him an instant."

The girls heard my smothered laugh, and said: "Now, Aunt Chatty, we know you're laughing at us; but we don't care."

Then I told them how it came about. All their glow of spirits and animation had passed off while they were exerting themselves in flying around up-stairs; they had used up all their nervous force, and were exhausted, and too tired to see callers by the time they came down; and the gentlemen had grown almost weary waiting, although they were no doubt immensely amused at the fixing, and fussing, and flying that they had heard in the room over their heads.

Wednesday.—Oh, these girls! I received a letter a few weeks ago from a widower, with the request that I would send him my picture. When I was a young woman he was a young man, and lived in the town joining the one I lived in. We

were somewhat acquainted and often met at singing-schools, though we were by no means special friends.

I had not intended replying to his letter at all, much less sending him my picture, but some of the girls sent him a photograph of an old maid who lives first door beyond Professor McWilliams, and pretended that it was mine.

The maiden lady had a thin, sorrowful face with deep wrinkles about the mouth and eyes, her ears stood out, her hair was lifted high up on her head and fixed off with ribbons and curls, and her nose was Roman and hooked like a beak.

They wrote a few lines to accompany the picture, saying that "care and sorrow had dealt harshly with me, and that time had wrought many changes in the girl whose voice went out with his in the old fa-sol-la music of long ago."

I saw a copy of the letter. I didn't know what to say. I felt inclined to scold them for daring to use such freedom; but the dear, fun-loving, good girls pretended they were afraid the old widower would beguile me away from them, and then what would they do.

I was amused, but I looked very serious and told them to let that be the last time they ever played tricks, that such conduct was hoydenish, and unladylike, and rude, and none of the girls in my charge would be forgiven or retained if they so far forgot hereafter that which belonged to a lady.

I thought privately, however, that it was serving the old fellow just right, for his wife had not been dead more than two months, and I could not see how he could so soon forget her and think of another.

Sometimes I do receive such funny letters from those who are "seeking pardners."

One, I remember now, who, in summing up his good qualities, says: "I rarely miss a meal of victuals." Another says: "You would have no trouble with my children, they are all hopefully converted and members in good standing in the M. E. Church." Another says: "My house is in awful condition, from the garret to the cellar, just for want of a good wife." Another says: "The post-office is handy and we have three mails a week. I take a good Democrat paper, price one fifty per year." One, much to be pitied, wails out on a small piece of paper—the kind in which tea is put up: "My hart is as loanly as the montaine top." And, again: "I'm gittin' up in years and am gittin' experrienced, but my hart is young, fur, as the saying is, 'ole coles is easy kindled."

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS.

WHAT a queer little procession life is, after all, when we think of it, and how strangely people and things get mixed up and jostled all along the way. It comes over one rather drolly sometimes—the thought of life's music, and how the parts are dispersed through the day. How, close on the heels of a sweet, dreamy interlude, comes a noisy burst of discord; and again, it laughs out like a clash of silver bells. If one could be detached from the mass of sym-

pathetic humanity for awhile, and become a simple looker-on, divested of all interest, how the grotesque life-pictures, shifting and changing on the wheels of time, would puzzle the uninitiated.

To illustrate, there are the poem and the breakfast dishes. A clear-eyed farmer's daughter, with dawning spirituality in glance and movement, is busy at the kitchen table, intent on her morning duties, while one of Tennyson's sweetest creations ripples over her lips and finds tender echoes in heart and brain. It has been singing to her all the morning, filling the landscape with faint, sweet pictures, and lifting her from work's grosser contact. Is it right for her to be there? Certainly. Nature knows us better than we know ourselves, and she knows that labor brightens every thought and gives it a finer polish. She knows that those sunny meadows and fragrant woods form a better background for her pupil now, than dusty streets and hurrying crowds. My ambitious country sister, I know just how often, like Tennyson's mysterious Lady of Shalott, you grow weary of the shadows of life seen in the mirror of books; but grasp every grain of gold in the flowing sands, you will find it coin with the true ring in it by and by. Of course, there is baking to do, and beds to make, and sweeping and dusting to the end of the chapter, but it is a blessed privilege that thought may keep pace with brisk feet and nimble fingers, and the fragrance of books attend us through all, sweetening many an unsavory duty.

Then, this something men call happiness is a puzzle, too. I am inclined to think that it follows us instead of going before, and overtakes at all sorts of unexpected times and places; for, seriously, are not nearly all our real pleasures surprises? Who has not fortified himself against some expected trouble and assumed his most melancholy expression in honor of its approach, when lo! from behind the overshadowing cloud came such a sudden flash of the glad sunlight of returning prosperity, that it sent his dismal forebodings all into mourning.

I admire the wisdom of the old lady, who, after a long search for contentment, concluded to sit down contented without it; and it must have waited close by all the time, for it flowed into her life as naturally as the velvet moss embroiders the roots of the forest patriarchs. Who would expect to see moss there if the trees were getting discontented and changing places, on the search for a more agreeable site? This comparison is not applicable to man except in a certain sense, and not intended to recommend an ambitionless standstill in life; but experience teaches us that we are apt to place our eyes on some far-off blissful mirage found only in second-rate novels, and thus cheat ourselves out of our rightful inheritance. We know that discouragements often seem to spring up as thick as weeds and choke the tender plants we are trying to nourish into vigorous growth; and perhaps our harvest will not all be gathered to us upon earth; but, in a higher life, the germs whose tardy development sadden us here, will burst into perfect bloom when sanctified by the glorious baptism of immortality.

EDITH LYSLE.

HATTIE BELL: I am obliged to you; I'll remember *sweet milk* to take out *fruit stains*. Let us all remember, sisters. Now that the season of berries and fruit is come, it is just the time when the remedy is required. To be sure, the old-time practice of *laying out* while the trees are in blossom has been resorted to with perfect effect, but it was a long time to wait, and, well, I may as well own up, I was a little bit piqued at Pipsey. As you say, had I not gone directly to her, some one of the "Home Circle" would have volunteered the desired information sooner.

I am not going to be spiteful, and say Pipsey doesn't know any more than the rest of us; for it is my candid opinion she can tell what she knows much better than most of us can.

As Mrs. Orvis has dared to make the request about that "calash," I will venture to *hope* that "alipac" is in such a threadbare condition that it will never again appear in public.

Pipsey (another request) is Elder Nutt safe?

Your description of him reminds me so much of an Elder Nutt I knew in my younger days. He was step-father to a schoolmate of mine. Lottie was something of a somniloquist, and, one night, set her room-mates into peals of laughter by emphatically declaring, "I will crack old Father Nutt if I ever get a chance!"

Sister Maggie was home from California last month. She told me how they deal with all kinds of fruit stains there in that fruitful land: Pour boiling water over all spots before washing.

One night, Maggie was rocking back and forth in the old arm-chair, and as it jolted over the corner of a rug, she suddenly exclaimed: "O Exie, do you know this reminds me of jolting in my mother's old kitchen chair when I was a child."

Blessed memory! to be for one brief moment "a child." She has gone again to her work of teaching in that far-off State.

Grandma's ideas of training the children suit me; she has my number—five—but more experience, as mine are all young, the eldest less than twelve; so, you see, I have need of all encouragement and advice.

I do want to tell what I do with old tea-grounds, but I am afraid our indulgent editor will think we intend to turn this magazine into a receipt-book, so I forbear, with thanks to Hattie Bell for all the *sweet* things she told us in July number.

EXIE.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR: Is your "Home Circle" already so large that you cannot admit another within its charmed limits? If not, with your permission I will make my best bow, and take a seat among you.

I have been a reader of the HOME MAGAZINE about ten years, and have been much interested in many of the contributors to its columns. I am never so deeply interested in stories themselves as in the principles they illustrate, and often, in following out the details of a sketch, I find myself measuring the character of the writer. Yet, after all, how little we know of the true man or wo-

man. Too often they write to please the public, whom they serve, thereby dwarfing the genius that lights the sanctuary of the soul. In my estimation, truth should never be suppressed.

Dear sisters of the "Home Circle," allow one that has long enjoyed your cheery talks to give you hearty greeting. It is pleasant to meet those we love; and do I not love you all? How could I do otherwise, when every month your words of cheer come like blessings to my home, helping to make my life happy and my burdens light.

Here's "Pipsey," the dear, good, practical woman; how could we get along without your bright home talks? Do you think you can ever be spared from this mundane sphere? I fear not. But I think we shall all know you on the other side; and you will be greeted by a large circle of grateful friends who have been made better and happier by the light gleaming from your "Windows."

"Chatty," too, will ever be welcome to the young friends, whom she has striven to benefit.

There are many others whom I do not name, but are none the less dear; in truth, not one whose name is recorded in the "Circle" but that I love.

"Lichen," whose thoughts are like flowers, sending their perfume as heavenly messengers to warm our hearts with sympathy and love. 'Tis sad that one should be deprived, by physical disability, of the pleasures that should be theirs. This beautiful earth, crowned with God's best gifts, should be sufficient to make our lives here full of joy and happiness, if there are no unfavorable conditions.

How much sadder is the condition of those whose spiritual natures are so deformed that their souls look through darkened windows, or, if seeing through at all, see hideous and distorted shapes, unsightly and displeasing to behold. The physical ailments we are relieved of by the hand of death, and our souls are left free to develop in beauty, and we then are images of Him who was our Creator; but our spiritual deformities, can we leave them in the grave with our physical bodies?

FAITH.

THE OLD KITCHEN CHAIR.

LET me shut my eyes and fancy
That again I'm nestled there;
Let me feel the restful motion
Of that jolting kitchen chair.

As when thus my mother held me,
E'en the lullaby and prayer,
Like a blessed presence lingers
Round the time-worn kitchen chair.

Brothers, sisters, widely scattered,
Come once more, your shouts of mirth
Meet me here again together,
Round the board, and by the hearth.

Long since banished to the garret,
Cane and hair-cloth take its place;
But no more of comfort gain we,
Though it yields to style and grace.

Now I turn me to my labor,
Taking up the round of care,
Pleasant memories will follow
From the sight of thee, old chair. EXIE.

A WORD ABOUT CANARIES.

THE first thing I would say to any one intending to keep birds is, *do not put them into a painted cage*. Many a bird has been poisoned in this way; and not only is the loss of the bird incurred, but terrible suffering to the poor little creature usually for eight or ten days.

The fact is that, however well supplied with food, birds will sometimes peck the wires. You might watch for an hour and not see them do it, but you never know when they will. And, again, some peck more than others.

Give them fresh seed, pure water, both for drinking and bathing, cuttle-fish, and, in their season, fresh lettuce and chickweed. Cake is hurtful.

Keep the cage clean. A piece of nice brown paper covering the inside of the drawer is a great assistance, as it can be replaced every morning. But newspaper must not be used, because they may peck it. They will when they want a nest.

Let them wash in the morning if they will; then take out the bath. If it stands all day it becomes impure; and the birds are better bathers if the dish is furnished at a regular time.

Keep the perches clean, as you can easily do, by rubbing them with sand. Draw them out and replace them gently, and always be careful not to frighten the birds in any way. They do not like to be touched. Give them a little fresh sand every day.

Give them fresh air and plenty of sunshine; but guard them from draughts and excess of heat. The noon sunshine should not fall directly on the cage.

With such precautions, and in a roomy walnut cage, canaries will live, and be healthy and happy. That is, provided no cat comes near. You cannot be too careful on this point. Cats have been known to draw a bird between the cage-wires without leaving so much as a feather.

M. O. J.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

JOSEPH HAYDN.

JOSEPH HAYDN was born, in 1732, at Rohrau, a village of Austria. His father was a poor wheelwright, and sexton of the parish. Both he and his wife were very fond of music. On Sundays he used to play on the harp, while she accompanied him with her voice. These home concerts delighted little Joseph amazingly. At five years old he used to get a board and stick on such occasions, and play that he accompanied his parents on a violin. His father had a Cousin Frank, who was a schoolmaster and musician. He observed that the little fellow kept time very accurately, and he offered to educate him. The proposal was very gratefully accepted, and he immediately began to teach him Latin, to play on the violin and other instruments, and to sing at the parish church. But Haydn used to say he gave him more cuffs than gingerbread.

Reuter, chapel-master at Vienna, came to the village in search of singers for St. Stephen's cathedral. His attention was attracted by the fine voice of Joseph Haydn, then eight years old. He was surprised at the exactness of his execution and the beauty of his voice. Observing that he did not perform the *shakes*, he asked him the reason. "How can you expect me to shake, when my Cousin Frank does not know how himself?" replied the boy.

"I will teach you," said Reuter. He took him between his knees and showed him how he should rapidly bring together two notes, hold his breath, and agitate the palate. Joseph immediately made a good shake. Reuter was so delighted that he took a plate of fine cherries which Cousin Frank had presented to him, and emptied them all into the boy's pocket. In his manhood Haydn often told this story with a laugh. He said, whenever he performed a shake, he still seemed to see those beautiful cherries.

Reuter carried him to Vienna and placed him in the choir, where he remained eleven years, devoting himself to music with unremitting industry.

At ten years old he composed pieces for six or eight voices. In his first attempt at composition he was very much troubled by want of knowledge. The chapel-master gave no instruction in counterpoint, and the boy was too poor to pay for a master. He bought some old books on the subject, which were very imperfect and obscure, but he had the patience and industry to labor through them unaided. He was poor and friendless, and lived in a miserable garret; but afterward, when he came to be the favorite of princes, he often said those youthful days were the happiest of his life, because he was always so busy, and so eagerly adding to his stock of knowledge.

Haydn became one of the most celebrated among musicians. His compositions are usually of a clear, serene character, like a grand or beautiful landscape in the sunshine. The oratorio of the Creation is considered his greatest work.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY, THE DEWDROPS AND THE SNOW.

A LILY of the valley pushed up its green leaves as the spring opened, hung out its tiny white bells and breathed its perfume on the air. Every evening a host of little dewdrops came and sat on its green leaves, or nestled in its white flower bells, and the lily loved the dewdrops and took them into her heart.

All through the hot summer the lily dwelt in a cool retreat, shaded by tall forest trees, by lowly ferns and by rankly-growing grasses, and dewdrops came to her every evening, sitting on her green leaves, nestling in her flower bells and going

down to dwell in her loving heart. The lily was very happy.

Autumn painted the forest trees, and made the mountains and valleys look like splendid pictures. Then, as the days grew shorter and the frost fell, the leaves of the trees lost their rich coloring and dropped to the ground. And now the lily could look up through the leafless branches of the trees above her and see the blue sky and the bright sun. But the cold winds began to moan and sigh, and to rush down into the valley where the lily grew. As soon as their chill was felt by the dewdrops, they said: "Now we must go, sweet lily, but we will come again."

And the lily was sad at this, and drooped her leaves as the gentle dewdrops crept out of her heart and were kissed away by the wind. Then all her leaves faded, and her stem withered, and she shrunk away into the ground. After this the frost came and built a prison of earth as hard as stone all about the lily.

Meantime, the dewdrops, borne away by the winter winds, rose in the air. Up, up they went until they were lost in the clouds among sister drops, which had, like them, risen from the earth. Colder and colder it grew in this high region, until the drops were changed into pure white snow and came drifting down to the earth.

How beautiful it was! Old men and children came out to look at the soft flakes that dropped through the air like the soft down of birds; not patterning noisily, as the rain, but touching all things gently and silently. Soon the dull, brown earth and every tree and shrub were clad in garments as white as innocence.

Down in its frozen cell slept the lily. It could not hear the snowflakes that dropped on the ground above its resting-place, even if their coming had not been in silence, for its sleep was like the sleep of death.

For many weeks the snow rested above the lily's hiding-place, softening the frozen earth and drawing out the hard and chilling frost. Flake after flake melted and went down to search for the lily. At last they found her and awakened her with kisses, and she said: "Oh, my sweet dewdrops! I thought you were gone forever."

But they answered: "No, we have come to you again, as we told you when the winds bore us away and carried us into the sky. We came back as snow, and have softened and warmed the frozen earth over your head. The spring is almost here. Soon you can push up your green leaves and hang out your white bells, and then we will rest on your leaves again and creep into your fragrant blossoms."

At this the lily's heart thrilled with delight, and she began to make herself ready for the coming spring. A few weeks longer, and many more dewdrops came down and told the lily that all was ready above. And they gathered about her, and crept into her chilled heart, and like good angels, as they were to the lily, bore her up to the regions of air and sunshine. And then she spread forth her green leaves again, and hung out her row of white flower bells, filling the air with sweetness. And every evening and morning the dewdrops came to her as of old, and she took them lovingly into her heart, and they were very happy.

Evenings with the Poets.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your seal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thoughts?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with meet and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem;
Ye seek a king; I fain would to ch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than our schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of His hate—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight.
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments, too, are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God has led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured above that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so, beside the Silent Sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

GLEANERS.

BY M. B. SMEDLEY.

GLEANER-FOLK, so meekly going
After happy reaping men,
Not for you are harvests glowing,
Yet you gather now and then;
Dusky gold-heaps, autumn-scented,
Shine at you on homeward eves,
Passing, weary and contented,
With your little precious sheaves.

With the sunset on your faces,
With the silence in your hearts,
Pass like birds that seek their places
When the singing day departs!
Pass through this unheeded splendor,
All unconscious as you move,
That you make the landscape tender
With a touch of human love.

Soul, in richer field that starvest,
Heart that never hast thy fill!
Let the monarchs take their harvest,
Thou canst glean and follow still!
Downcast eyes, and hopes up-mounting,
Gather on through joy and grief;
In the sweet night, all recounting,
Thou shalt wonder at thy sheaf.

Not like laborers in prison,
Not like slaves who toll for pay,
For the World, the Sun has risen,
All are children of the Day;
Ye for whom its hours serener
Pass and pour with lavish hand,
Oh, be mindful of the gleaner!
Strip not bare your promised land!

There are grains you need not gather,
Yours they are—but you have all!
Yours they are—but leave them rather,
Gleaners follow—let them fall!
Give a better alms than money,
Blessing him who takes and gives,
Scatter drops of milk and honey,
Feeding, feasting empty lives!

Carry home your easy burden,
You with men, and ways, and means,
Do not grudge a slender guerdon
To the patient hand that gleans;
For the grander as the meaner
Tasks and Joys in order come,
And there's work for many a gleaner
When the great ones are gone home.

So take heart, ye simple tollers,
Though your labor seem in vain,
Though you rescue from the spoilers
But a handful, but a grain;
When the Master comes at even,
When He reckons, takes and leaves,
He will make a place in Heaven
For the gleaner's little sheaves!

Good Words.

THE MEADOW.

BY ANNA BOYNTON.

ACROSS the meadow, the barren meadow,
The crows come flying before the spring,
When the sky is shadowy, cold and sullen,
And none of the sweeter birds can sing.

Then over the meadow, the springing meadow,
The rain comes tripping with merry feet,
Waking the wild flowers, low in the grasses,
Out of their dreams with its kisses sweet.

And lo, in the meadow, the brightening meadow,
Blossoms spring from the misty boughs,
And wild songs ring from the hazel cover
Where the glad bobolink guards his spouse.

And soon in the meadow, the gay green meadow,
The grasses bow when the breezes blow,
And happy birds, the wide land over,
Pipe and sing the long day through.

And down in the meadow, the sunny meadow,
Soon the silk of the corn is spun;
Ripens the rose and burns the lily—
Lo, the reaper!—is summer done?

For, oh, the meadow, the flaming meadow,
Lies in a frost wreath fringed with fire;
Drops the gold from the tuneless branches,
Southerly files the oriole choir.

And through the meadow, the purple meadow,
Hurry the winds with their rustling freight.
Out of the north the cold comes creeping.
Night falls soon. It is growing late.

Still as a dream is the waiting meadow,
Steadily southward goes the sun,
Rests in sleep the pure, white meadow,
To wake again when the night is done.

Youth's Companion.

Health Department.

A TALK WITH MOTHERS ABOUT PURE AIR.

— BY GLADDYS WAYNE.

OF the "ills that flesh is heir to," many are undoubtedly due to want of pure, fresh air. In most houses, the air is nothing short of slow poison to those obliged to inhale it; and especially is its injurious effects noticeable in winter, when many are of necessity confined almost altogether within doors. Perhaps in no instance is it possible to entirely avoid bad air in our houses; but we think it safe to say that not one house in five hundred has an atmosphere as pure as it might be, were proper precautions observed by its inmates. Here a thorough reform is urgently needed; and to this matter I would call the attention of mothers, especially, since their own well-being, and that of their children, so greatly depends on the condition of the air in rooms where they usually spend much of their time. And let it be remembered that every wise effort toward reform, be it never

small an effort, is one step in the right direction, and, therefore, not to be despised.

Some one has said: "Fresh air is good always, but it may be too cool for health. Ventilation is important, but it will not be safe to secure it by opening windows in winter. People may be over-zealous for an object, and push it to great extremes, as many think it unhealthy to sleep in a warm room in winter;" that "one feels the change instantly on going from a warm room into the open air in winter, and, but for the vigorous exercise, the whole system would receive a sudden shock from the great change;" that "there is equal danger in passing from a warm sitting-room to cold chambers. The lungs have a temperature of ninety-eight degrees, and if they inhale air all night at forty or thirty degrees, the result may be inflammation of the lungs or pneumonia;" and that "Dr. Hall, of the *Journal of Health*, protests earnestly against sleeping in cold rooms, or opening windows in chambers in winter, and says, 'it is safer to sleep in a bad air with

a temperature over fifty, than in a pure air, with a temperature under forty."

There is much truth in this.

Now, to be over-zealous for ventilation, pushing it to such extremes that injury to any result therefrom, is simply absurd; but it seems to me that to carry matters to the opposite extreme, and completely ignore it, is an absurdity equally great.

That it is not safe to secure ventilation for chambers by opening windows in winter, is a truth to which we should not give too wide an application. Circumstances may vary, and one's good sense should be extensively employed in determining the fitness of things. Although it would be neither safe nor advisable to throw one's chamber windows open in winter, with the same freedom manifested in admitting the gentle breezes of a summer day, it does not necessarily follow that it is never allowable to open them to admit pure air.

While I believe that to attempt to secure *constant ventilation*, in winter, by means of open windows, would be the height of folly, and that sleeping in cold rooms is injurious, I also believe that it is exceedingly hurtful, and equally unwise, to confine impure air within our sleeping rooms, and breathe this same foul air over and over again, night after night. In ordinary houses, ventilation must be more or less imperfect; but let us, at least, have within our rooms, once each day, enough fresh air to cleanse them from all impurities thrown off from body and lungs during the previous night.

Every sleeping apartment should have a fireplace, stove or some other abundant means of warmth within itself, or else open from some room that has; and where this is the case, no possible harm can arise from opening windows for pure air, if proper precautions are observed in doing so. As far as my own experience goes, I have never known harm to result in any way from a judicious morning airing of such rooms, even in the coldest weather. This is my plan: Close the chamber door, and air the adjoining room as far as is practicable and safe; then remove from the sleeping apartment everything that would render the air impure, take the covers from the bed and shake up the ticks; then, after throwing a shawl over head and shoulders (making bonnet and shawl in one), precisely as if going outdoors, open the windows and leave the room, being particular to close the door, so that persons (if any) in the adjoining room may experience no inconvenience from the cold. After half an hour or so, on very cold days, or perhaps an hour on milder ones, re-enter the room (using the precaution of wrapping up, as before, to avoid taking cold) and close the windows; then go out, leaving the door open this time, and the air soon resumes its usual degree of warmth; after which the bed may be "made up." In summer the door leading to the adjoining apartment would be left open while airing the room; but to do so in winter might prove a dangerous experiment.

But let us remember that pure air does not depend altogether on "ventilation." If we would secure pure air for our sleeping-rooms, we must exclude all articles of dirty clothing from them, and we *must* vigilantly guard against whatever may generate impure, poisonous gases, allowing nothing of that kind to remain in our rooms longer than is absolutely necessary, and even then not without being securely covered; and not only should everything of this description be promptly removed, but all such receptacles, wash-bowls, etc., should each day be made scrupulously clean.

Many are very careless in regard to this, insomuch that, on entering their sleeping-rooms, our greatest wonder is, not that persons die, but that so many live.

Not alone in the sleeping apartments of our houses is the want of pure air apparent, and reform needed. Our sitting-rooms, our kitchens, our cellars, all, require the most careful attention; but more especially is it in the kitchen, where the process of cooking is

carried on, that that kind of impure air not dependent on ventilation often prevails to an alarming extent.

Mothers, will you not resolutely set about correcting this evil, as far as lies in your power? It may be that the health, and perhaps the life, of your dear ones, depends on such exertion. Let the collection of slops and other filth be avoided as far as may be, and let ventilation here and in other rooms be made as perfect as possible.

In our houses that are already built, let us turn the very imperfect ventilation to as good account as we can; and in the future building of our houses, let us assert our "woman's right" to have plenty of good old-fashioned fireplaces therein, as well as other effectual methods of ventilation.

CARE OF THE SICK.

FROM a little book entitled "Plain Directions for the Care of the Sick," distributed to the Policy Holders of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, we take a few hints to nurses:

All appearance of haste is painful to the sick. The rule is, do things quickly, and do things quietly. When you visit a sick person, always sit where he can see you without turning the head, and never speak to him from behind.

Never lean against, sit upon, or even shake the bed, in which the sick person lies.

A good nurse will see that no door opens with a creak, that no window rattles; and a very good one will see that not even a curtain flaps. A drop of oil and a feather will do away with the creaking.

It is a popular prejudice that plants and flowers should not be tolerated in a sick chamber, "because they give off carbonic acid gas, which is poisonous." So they do give off this gas, and the gas is poisonous; but the quantity of carbonic acid gas given off from half a dozen bunches of flowers in half a dozen nights would scarcely equal the amount of the same gas given off from a couple of bottles of mineral-water.

Whatever food is prepared for the sick should always be of the first quality, and cooked with the greatest care. Remember that sick-cookery should do at least half the work of the patient's weak digestion.

If possible, the sick-chamber should be the room of the house which has the most sunshine coming into it, and if the bed can be so placed that the person lying on it can see a good piece of the blue sky, so much the better.

Never leave your patient's food untasted by his side from meal to meal in the hope that he will eat it. He never does eat it, and you only add disgust to his distaste by leaving it in sight. Let the food come at the right time, and if it is not eaten be sure to take it away in a little while.

A little food at a time, and often repeated, is the general rule for sick people. Frequently, where a physician orders beef tea, or something of the kind, a nurse will try to give a cupful every three or four hours. More than likely the patient's stomach rejects it, whereas, had a tablespoonful been given every half hour or so, it would have been retained, digested and have done the patient the intended good.

Unnecessary noises, though slight, disturb a sick person much more than necessary noises even though much louder.

Remember, always, that a cheerful face "doeth good, like a medicine."

Never use anything but light blankets as bed-covering for the sick. The cotton impervious counterpane is bad, for the reason that it keeps in the emanations from the sick person, while the blanket permits them to pass through.

Never, under any circumstances, ask, within hearing, whether the physician does not think the patient worse, or ask the physician his opinion as to the result of the disease.

Housekeepers' Department.

MRS. BEETON'S HINTS ON KITCHEN ECONOMY.

CLEANLINESS is the most essential ingredient in the art of cooking; a dirty kitchen being a disgrace both to mistress and maid.

Be clean in your person, paying particular attention to the hands, which should always be clean.

Do not go about slipshod. Provide yourself with good, well-fitting boots. You will find them less fatiguing in a warm kitchen than loose, untidy slippers.

Provide yourself with at least a dozen good-sized, serviceable cooking-aprons, made with bibs. These will save your gowns, and keep you neat and clean. Have them made large enough round so as to nearly meet behind.

Never waste or throw away anything that can be turned to account. In warm weather, any gravies or soups that are left from the preceding day should be just boiled up, and poured into clean pans. This is particularly necessary where vegetables have been added to the preparation, as it then so soon turns sour. In cooler weather, every other day will be often enough to warm up these things.

If you have a spare kitchen cupboard, keep your baked pastry in it; it preserves it crisp, and prevents it from becoming wet and heavy, which it is liable to do in the larder.

In cooking, clear as you go; that is to say, do not allow a host of basins, plates, spoons and other utensils to accumulate on the dressers and table whilst you are engaged in preparing the dinner. By a little management and forethought, much confusion may be saved in this way. It is as easy to put a thing in its place when it is done with, as it is to keep continually moving it to find room for fresh requisites. For instance, after making a pudding, the flour-tub, pasteboard and rolling-pin should be put away, and any basins, spoons, etc., taken to the scullery, neatly packed up near the sink, to be washed when the proper time arrives. Neatness, order and method should be observed.

Never let your stock of spices, salt, seasonings, herbs, etc., dwindle down so low that, some day in the midst of preparing a large dinner, you find yourself minus a very important ingredient, thereby causing much confusion and annoyance.

If you live in the country, have your vegetables gathered from the garden at an early hour, so that there is ample time to make your search for caterpillars, etc. These disagreeable additions need never make their appearance on table in cauliflowers or cabbages, if the vegetable in its raw state is allowed to soak in salt and water for an hour or so. Of course, if the vegetables are not brought in till the last moment, this precaution cannot be taken.

Be very particular in cleansing all vegetables free from grit. Nothing is so unpleasant, and nothing so easily avoided, if but common care be exercised.

When you have done peeling onions, wash the knife at once, and put it away to be cleaned, and do not use it for anything else until it has been cleaned. Nothing is nastier or more indicative of a slovenly and untidy cook than to use an oniony knife in the preparation of any dish where the flavor of the onion is a disagreeable surprise.

After you have washed your saucepans, fish-kettle, etc., stand them before the fire for a few minutes, to get thoroughly dry inside, before putting them away. They should then be kept in a dry place, in order that they may escape the deteriorating influence of rust, and thereby be quickly destroyed. Never leave saucepans dirty from one day's use to be cleaned the next; it is slovenly and untidy.

Empty soups or gravies into a basin as soon as they

are done; never allow them to remain all night in the stock-pot.

In copper utensils, if the tin has worn off, have it immediately replaced.

Pudding-cloths and jelly-bags should have your immediate attention after being used; the former should be well washed, scalded and hung up to dry. Let them be perfectly aired before being folded up and put in the drawer, or they will have a disagreeable smell when next wanted.

After washing up your dishes, wash your dish-tubs with a little soap and water and soda, and scrub them often. Wring the dishcloth, after washing this also, and wipe the tubs out. Stand them up to dry after this operation. The sink-brush and sink must not be neglected. Do not throw anything but water down the sink, as the pipe is liable to get choked, thereby causing expense and annoyance.

Do not be afraid of hot water in washing up dishes and dirty cooking-utensils. As these are essentially greasy, lukewarm water cannot possibly have the effect of cleansing them effectually. Do not be chary also of changing and renewing the water occasionally. You will thus save yourself much time and labor in the long run.

Clean your tins with soap and whitening, rubbed on with a flannel, wipe them with a clean, dry, soft cloth, and polish with a dry leather and powdered whitening. Mind that neither the cloth nor leather is greasy.

Do not scrub the inside of your frying-pan, as, after this operation, any preparation fried is liable to catch or burn in the pan. If the pan has become black inside, rub it with a hard crust of bread, and wash in hot water, mixed with a little soda.

Punctuality is an indispensable quality in a cook; therefore, the kitchen should be provided with a clock.

If you have a large dinner to prepare, much may be got ready the day before, and many dishes are a great deal better for being thus made early. To soups and gravies, this remark is particularly applicable.

To all these directions the cook should pay great attention; nor should they, by any means, be neglected by the *mistress of the household*, who ought to remember that cleanliness in the kitchen gives health and happiness to home, whilst economy will immeasurably assist in preserving them.

RECIPES.

LOIN OF VEAL.—This is best larded. Have every joint, thoroughly cut, and between each lay a slice of salt pork; roast a fine brown, and so that the upper sides of the pork will be crisp; baste often. Season with pepper; the pork will make it sufficiently salt.

ECONOMICAL FRITTERS.—Save all your bits of bread, and soak them in cold water and mash fine; add a little nutmeg, three or four large spoonfuls of sugar, part of a teaspoonful of selenatus dissolved in two large spoonfuls of milk, a little salt, and stir into this flour enough to hold up a spoon. Drop a little from the end of a spoon into hot fat, and fry. After one trial no bits of bread will be wasted.

GERMAN TOAST.—To one egg, beaten well, add one cup of sweet milk or cream; season with a little salt and pepper. Cut stale bread in slices, dip in the milk to moisten, and fry in butter on a griddle. This is a nice dish for breakfast.

DELMONICO PUDDING.—One quart of milk; three even tablespoonfuls of corn flour, dissolved in cold milk; the yolks of five eggs; six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil three or four minutes; pour into a pudding-dish and bake about half an hour. Beat the whites of the

eggs with six tablespoonfuls of sugar; put it over the top and return the pudding to the oven till it is a nice light brown. This is very good eaten cold.

FOOD DURING FEVER.—It has been found to be a successful method to freeze beef-tea and to administer it in lumps to children or patients to suck; they will take it in this form rather than any other kind of food.

BOILED ONIONS.—Peel some onions, and boil them in equal parts of milk and water. When they are tender take them up, drain them, and add salt, pepper and butter to the taste. Do not put salt in the water

they are boiled in, as that will curdle the milk, and cause a scum to settle on the onions.

COLD VEGETABLES.—Servants often waste vegetables, even at times when they are scarce and dear. Cold greens, for instance, are frequently thrown away as not eatable. This is wasteful; they are as good as when first cooked if they are thrown into a saucepan of boiling water, or into a basin of boiling water, and covered for two minutes; then strain the water from them and serve hot. Cabbage of all kinds, and broccoli and Brussels sprouts, peas, etc., can be warmed in the same manner.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FACTION still decrees that the costumes composed of two materials, and frequently of two colors, or of the same tints, only the one plain, and the other plaided, striped or brocaded, shall be worn during the coming season as well as during the one just past. Jacquard, brocaded, plaided or striped India silks will be worn with plain Lyons silks; and jacquard cashmeres and plaid and striped worsteds will be worn almost indiscriminately with other worsted goods, for all varieties of street and home dresses. These costumes will be self-trimmed, only the plainer costumes will allow of foreign trimming. Silk dresses will be trimmed with velvet, and velvet dresses with silk; and since velvets have become somewhat reduced in price, they will be much worn.

A Paris correspondent says that there is no longer any talk of "imitations" of any sort. A lady trims her dress with inexpensive French lace, and does not blush when it is discovered that it is not black thread or Chantilly. She wears yak, and makes no pretension to its being guipure. Hamburg edgings have largely taken the place of hand-wrought embroidery, "and now there is no longer a consciousness of deception connected with these really beautiful laces and edgings, and that their substantiality is recognized as quite equal to the originals, from which they were copied." These cheaper laces and edgings are really far more suitable for ordinary wear, and when they are really damaged, the loss is not so great to the pocket. Moss trimmings will be worn the coming season, either by themselves, or in combination with fringes and laces. But feather trimmings are really less expensive in the long run, as they can be readily redressed, while the moss trimming is ruined when once it is wet.

Mohair braids of all widths will be worn as trimming in every imaginable style—in diagonal, horizontal and perpendicular lines, and in loops and looped ends.

For the autumn the prevailing hat will be one which tips down in front, and rolls up at the back. This will be trimmed with a veil or a netted sash, which will be wound about the crown, puffed at the back and a long end left to hang down the back, which can be drawn over the face as a veil at will. A band of velvet will encircle the crown, and a wide binding of the same material will be added to the brim. Flowers are now entirely confined to the inside of the brim. The latest Parisian style is to have these flowers detached from the hat, so that when the latter is removed, the flowers still remain to decorate the head. The same correspondent whom we have already quoted, remarks that this style gives an assemblage of unbonneted ladies the appearance of "a congress of May queens, who have been selected for their virtues, instead of their youth or beauty." This style is not likely to reach us before next summer, if even then.

The rougher and coarser the material of the hat, the more stylish it is considered, the elegant trimming looking all the better for the contrast.

The netted scarf will be indispensable for demi-tot. It may be either sash-like in shape, or like a long but narrow half-handkerchief. The outer edge is fringed, and it is laid loosely about the shoulders, and tied in a knot at the breast. In this knot is laid a cluster of flowers. The net may be of any bright color, and the flowers should be of a contrasting color. Grenadine may be worn in the same style as net, with the addition of broad lace on the outer edge, and a ruche at the throat. If the net or grenadine is cut long, it is laid in three narrow side plaits, lengthwise of the goods, while a double box plait is taken at the neck behind, to make it fit the shoulders.

Linen collars are more ornamented with embroidery and hemstitching in lines and checks than formerly. Cuffs, of course, match the collars, and cravats are worn to match both. Colored cambric and batiste cravats are received with increasing favor.

Editoq's Department.

Progress at the Centennial Grounds.

ALREADY the Centennial Grounds are attracting thousands of visitors, who come out of curiosity to see the progress being made on the exhibition buildings. And they are well repaid for their trouble, since this progress is really something astonishing, reminding one of the wonder tales of the Arabian Nights.

No one can obtain a true idea of the stupendousness of the undertaking until he has visited the grounds of the exhibition, and seen for himself the multitude and size of the exhibition buildings. The Main Building covers an area of over twenty-one acres, and has a

front of one thousand eight hundred and eighty feet, or nearly one-third of a mile. Machinery Hall embraces fourteen acres, with a length of one thousand four hundred and two feet. The Art Gallery and Memorial Hall, which stands upon the Lansdowne plateau, and looks southward over the city, is one and one-half acres in extent, with a front of three hundred and sixty-five feet.

Although the contract does not call for the completion of the Main Building before the first of January next, it is already far advanced toward completion, and its builder, Mr. Richard J. Dobbins, expects to finish it early in the fall. It is being almost entirely

finished as fast as it is erected, the glass and sashes being set, the tin roofing being put on, the flooring being laid, and all the painting, inside and out, being done as the work progresses. The eastern and western extremities of the building are thus almost ready for occupation even now. The central portion, immediately fronting Memorial Hall, is as yet barely commenced, as far as actual work upon the grounds is considered.

The builder of Machinery Hall contracted to finish it by the first of October, and at the time of the writing of this article it is so nearly finished that there is every reason to suppose that the whole structure will be perfect, and ready for occupancy, by the time this number of the *HOME MAGAZINE* reaches its readers.

The daily average of men employed upon the Main Building is about four hundred, and upon Machinery Hall about two hundred and twenty-five; yet so vast are the dimensions of these buildings that very few visitors will, at a casual glance, realize the fact that such a large force is at work.

The Art Gallery is built of granite, and is already far advanced toward completion. The contract requires it to be finished by the first of January, but it will be completed probably before that time. The walls are built, and the iron frame of the dome is up, and is being covered in.

Horticultural Hall is located on the Lansdowne terrace, across a picturesque ravine, to the north of the Art Gallery. It is already in an advanced stage, and will be completed before this article obtains circulation. This building consists of a central conservatory, four forcing houses for the propagation of young plants, vestibules, restaurants, reception-rooms, etc. Upon the roof is constructed a grand promenade, with connecting external and internal galleries. Over thirty acres have been devoted to the requirements of this building, and in its neighborhood will be a Victoria Regia house, domestic and tropical orchard houses, a grapyery, and similar horticultural buildings. The surrounding grounds will be arranged for out-door planting, and already applications have been received from England, France, Holland, Belgium, Australia, Cuba, Mexico and California for space in which to display their peculiar flora. Thus the fruits and flowers of the world will be brought together into one comprehensive garden, and the visitor will be enabled to behold tropical plants growing in juxtaposition with the firs of the extreme north. An especial building will be devoted to American mowing and reaping machines; and there will be a trial between these and those of foreign manufacture, upon some of the adjacent farms.

A Post Hospital will be erected upon the grounds, and kept open in the event of sickness or injury to any of the visitors. There are numerous other buildings being erected by different nationalities for their peculiar use. The British commissioners will have the occupation of two. The Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Japanese, Turks, Egyptians and Liberians, have asked permission to erect representative national buildings. The Khedive is to construct an Egyptian street in miniature. Liberian will build a Mohammedan mosque and a Christian Church. Many of the States will have separate buildings for the display of their productions. The National Photographic Association will have its special hall, as will many private parties. There will be a woman's pavilion for the exhibition of woman's work; though why this should not be included in the different departments to which it may appropriately belong, it is a little difficult to say. There will be monuments, fountains and statues erected by different nations and societies, all of which will add greatly to the attractions of the grounds.

The facilities for reaching the Centennial Grounds are numerous and excellent. Already ten horse rail-ways take their passengers almost directly to the buildings, while six steam railways have made arrangements to land passengers at the gates. When the grounds are completed, there will be a dummy railroad

in operation through them, in order to shorten for the visitors the long spaces which necessarily intervene between the different buildings.

Every effort is being made to make the Centennial a success, and the results with foreign nations are most satisfactory. Already every nation on the globe but three has applied for room for the exhibition of their products; and, if possible, more enthusiasm is felt concerning the Centennial abroad than at home. Pennsylvania has so far borne most of the burden of the work and the expense. Some of the States have displayed a reprehensible lukewarmness concerning the affair; but it is to be hoped they will yet arouse to effort, and do what they can to make this exhibition worthy of our centennial anniversary, and something which shall redound to our permanent credit as a nation abroad.

The Grave of Dickens.

GRACE GREENWOOD, writing to the *New York Times* of her visit to the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, says, with a tender recollection of the great novelist:

"It is a grand thing, doubtless, to be buried in Westminster Abbey, but it is a dreary sort of isolation in death for a social, kindly man like Dickens. No friend can come to keep him company; no child may be laid at his side. He loved light and warmth and color; all cheerful sights and sounds. Change was necessary to his alert spirit, and he should have been laid in some pleasant, open burial ground in or near the great city, with the sounds and movements of everyday life about him. That was the life he loved to paint. He never was at home with lords and ladies. He has gone into magnificent banishment here, where the perpetual tramp of strange feet, coming and going, is like the ebb and flow of a sea across the granite that shuts him down among unkindred dust, where no faintest influence of the sun, no intimations of the changing seasons can come. But they say his coffin was heaped high with flowers. Midsummer went down with him into the grave, and was hid away with him in fragrant darkness there. And on each anniversary of his death there are placed on that cold, gray slab, the sweetest and brightest flowers of this festal month—crosses of white lilies and roses, 'pansties for thought,' 'rosemary for remembrance,' and always a peculiar offering from some unknown hand—a wreath of scarlet geraniums, looking in that shadowy corner like flowered flame, the very expression of passionate love and sorrow."

Answers to Correspondents.

"**Mrs. W. M. H.**"—There is no fixed rule regarding the size, shape and weight of pillows. The usual style is to make them large and square. Sometimes these large pillows are not intended for use, but are replaced at night by pillows of a more comfortable size. We cannot give the weight of one of these large pillows, but should judge it to be from six to eight pounds, as they are made very solid. Shams are used over pillows. Sometimes these are made of muslin or linen, the length of the width of the bed. They are handsomely embroidered or ruffled. This style of sham is laid over the pillows, defining their shape. It is then folded under the bed-clothes, and then brought out again, and folded back to simulate the upper edge of a sheet. Sometimes each pillow has its separate sham. A very pretty style of sham is made of colored cambric—pink or blue—covered with lace, which can be found at the stores made for the purpose. When this style is used, it is not uncommon to have lambrequins on windows and mantel to match.

In furnishing a parlor, the style of furniture depends very much upon the taste and means of the furnisher. Hair-cloth is exceedingly sombre, but it is the most economical. A room furnished in hair-cloth can be brightened up by the introduction of two or three chairs of bright colors. If reps is selected, green reps is far preferable to brown.

"**Those who are fond of investigations with the microscope,**" says the *Scientific American*, "will find a beautiful object in the head of a parlor match. Strike the match, and blow it out as soon as the head has fused sufficiently to cause protuberances to form on it; on the part of the head which took fire first, will be found a white, spongy formation, which, under the microscope and with a bright light upon it, has the appearance of diamonds, crystals, snow, frost, ice, silver and jet, no two matches giving the same combination or arrangement.

Publishers' Department.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1876.

WE present in this number our Prospectus for the Centennial Year, and our readers will see that it is one of more than usual attractiveness. Two new serial stories will be given; one by MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR, the author of "RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON," which was pronounced the best magazine story of the season, entitled

"EAGLESCLIFFE."

And the other by T. S. ARTHUR, author of "DEBORAH NORMAN," entitled

"MIRIAM,

And the Life She Laid Down."

Both of these serials will be commenced in the January number.

ROSELLA RICE will open the year with a new series of articles on Pioneer Life in the West, under the title of

"OLD HEARTH STONES,

And the Tales they Told."

And the reader's wise, gossipy, quaint old friend, "Pipsey Potts," is busy with her

"POTTSVILLE PAPERS."

By the way, we will just hint that "Pipsey" has been on a visit this summer to the old homes and graves of the Pottses in New England, and that something may come of it. We don't find her family name associated with Plymouth Rock or the Mayflower, but then everybody didn't come over in that famous little vessel, nor land on that celebrated rock; and the Pottses may have, for all that, as fair a record as the Brewsters or the Aldens.

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY, whose articles on "WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES," published a few years ago in the HOME MAGAZINE, gave such general satisfaction, will write another series next year, with the title

"WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WORLD,"

in which she will offer practical advice and suggestions as to the various remunerative employments in which women may engage. These articles cannot fail to be exceedingly valuable, as Mrs. Duffey is a woman of wide experience, careful observation and strong common sense, and writes from the standpoint of one who has made her own way in the world,—of that of a woman who can set type as rapidly as a man; who can write a book or edit a periodical; compose a piece of music or paint a picture; make a dress or cultivate a garden. But we cannot catalogue all of her many accomplishments; and only refer to them here in order to show her fitness for the task she has undertaken in the preparation of these articles.

"CHATTY BROOKS,"

it will be seen, is going to tell about "THE GIRLS AT MILWOOD," and gentle "LICHEN" will keep her quiet corner in the "HOME CIRCLE," among loving friends who carry her in their hearts.

But we cannot take space to tell of all the good things

in store for next year. Look at the Prospectus, reader, and see for yourself.

And now all you that love the HOME MAGAZINE, and sympathize with its spirit and aims, who believe that its presence in American homes will be for good, will you not so identify yourselves with it and its work as to become its advocate, commanding it to your friends and neighbors, and seeking in all right ways to extend its circulation? Will not each of you add at least one new name to its list of subscribers for the Centennial Year? We shall make it as attractive, as pure, as true and as good as in our power lies. You can largely extend the sphere of its usefulness; and may we not ask you to do so?

PREMIUM PICTURES.

THE premium picture business, which, happily for periodical publishers, has nearly run itself into the ground, as all bad businesses must in time, has, during the past few years, robbed us of a large portion of our profits, and we are going to abandon it. So costly a periodical as the HOME MAGAZINE cannot be published at a fair profit for \$2.50 a year, with an elegant engraving thrown in, as we know too well, and we must, if we would keep the magazine up to its high standard of excellence, raise the subscription price to \$3.00, or abandon the premium system altogether. We prefer to do the latter, and so keep our magazine up to its high standard, and still within the easy reach of thousands of people of moderate means, who love its monthly visits. If any wish to possess the beautiful new engraving we have prepared for our Club-getters in acknowledgment of their service, it will be mailed on receipt of 50 cents in addition to the price of the magazine.

In giving up this premium business, it is but just to ourselves to say, that we have never offered our subscribers a cheap chromo, but always pictures of merit and value, each of them worthy to grace any parlor in the land. Indeed, a large chromo manufacturer said to us only recently, that our premium pictures had, from the first, been nearly the only true works of art presented to subscribers. We have always known this to be so; but the admission coming from the source that it did, was specially gratifying.

And now with this wasting and useless expense taken off, we shall be able to give our readers a magazine of still greater excellence and beauty. See our new Prospectus in this number, and note the feast of good things in store for 1876.

"PIPSEY" ON PREMIUM PICTURES.

AFTER we had decided to give no more premium pictures, we received the following letter from our own and the reader's good friend, "PIPSEY Potts," which is so much to the point, that we publish it:

"MR. ARTHUR,—I have a suggestion to make. Don't give a premium picture with the magazine next year. Our country is flooded with cheap chromos and tolerable steel engravings, and I feel like seeing a new leaf turned over.

"Now, instead of a picture, let us all go to work in real earnest and try and make the magazine better than it has ever been before. Let us make it so bright, and good, and cheery, that women will take it right to their hearts and love and appreciate it as one of their best friends.

"I think that the dear women will bear me out in it, when I suggest that you put the worth of the premium picture for the year 1876 into good, sound, practical reading matter; the kind that will prompt your readers

of the HOME to say with bright eyes and earnest tones: "Oh, I hope I shall always be able to take that dear old friendly magazine!"

"Believing that I speak for the majority of your women subscribers, I remain yours and theirs, right cheerfully,
"PIPSEY POTTS."

Just the right kind of talk, "PIPSEY," and, with your help and that of our large corps of talented writers, we are going to make the HOME even more than it has yet been, a loving friend and companion of the people, and a welcome guest in every true American household.

PLEASANT WORDS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Never since the HOME MAGAZINE was published has it received such cordial words of praise from those who have taken it as it is receiving at this time.

"I cannot," writes one of our correspondents, "close without a word in praise of my favorite magazine. Ever the champion of the true, the good and the beautiful, it has long been, and still is, doing a great and good work. I know more than one home where the courtesy, good habits and Christian refinement are largely attributable to the influence of your magazine. For several years it has been my most valued Christmas gift, and its monthly visits are most welcome. The August number, now before me, is a feast of good things. Lichen's 'Weaving' is so good, and—but I must not tire your patience even with words of appreciation. Many kind wishes for the magazine, its editors and all who help to make it what it is."

Another says: "I feel grateful to the kind friend and neighbor who placed your magazine in my hands and thus induced me to take it. I began to take it in January, and only regret that I did not commence sooner. I love its pure and noble teachings and would that it were in every household; for truly 'it goes to the homes of the people a power for good.' I feel thankful for such a work to place in the hands of my children as they grow up. Instead of the many hurtful and trashy ones which flood our country, I shall take it just so long as it is published.

"Pipsey, Chatty and others are real blessings. Every housekeeper should read their comforting words of cheer—they make the rough places in life's pathway seem smooth, and we feel more like striving to fulfil the mission whereunto we are sent. May the great reward be yours, is my prayer."

And another: "I have been a reader of your HOME MAGAZINE for several years past, and I can never tell you how much good it has done me. I need not add my thanks to the thousands that have already been offered for the good things with which its pages are always brimming over."

We could add pages of like pleasant words for the editors and publishers of the HOME, but these will suffice to show how heartily their work is being approved.

HOME MAGAZINE ADVERTISING RATES.

One page, one time	-	-	-	-	-	\$100
Half "	"	"	"	"	-	60
Quarter "	"	"	"	-	-	35
Less than a quarter page, 75 cents a line.						

COVER PAGES.

Outside—One page, one time	-	-	-	-	-	\$150
Half "	"	"	"	"	-	90
Quarter "	"	"	"	-	-	50
Less than a quarter page, \$1.10 a line.						
Inside—One page, one time	-	-	-	-	-	\$125
Half "	"	"	"	-	-	75
Quarter "	"	"	"	-	-	45
Less than a quarter page, \$1 a line.						

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.

"HOME MAGAZINE" AGENCY.

As regular agents of E. Butterick & Co., we can now supply, by mail, on receipt of the price, any of their patterns. Books containing a large number of patterns for ladies' and children's dresses, from which to select, will be sent on application.

Note: See new patterns in this number of Home Magazine, with prices.

NOTICE.—In ordering patterns, be particular to state the size desired by bust measure or waist measure, or

in the case of children by the age, as the patterns are cut in a number of different sizes, and it is absolutely necessary to have the size before pattern can be sent. Be careful to make no mistake in the number of the pattern wanted, as no change can be made after the pattern is ordered and sent. Attention to these small details will save time in the reception of patterns ordered, and a great deal of trouble to us.

We are receiving large orders for these popular, practical patterns, and in all instances they give the most thorough satisfaction.

1776 Centennial Ode. 1876

We have received from W. H. Boner & Co., No. 1102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, a piece of music with the above title. The words, by Samuel C. Upham, are patriotic, and have the ring of the true metal. The music, by Adam Geibel, the blind composer, is particularly good, and will add another laurel to his brow. A copy of this patriotic song should have a place in every household in the land. Enclose 35 cents, and the publishers will forward you a copy, postpaid. Address

W. H. BONER & CO.,
1102 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ROSE BUDS IN WINTER.

Now Ready.—Roses for winter bloom, and fall planting. We send strong Pot Roses that will bloom quickly safely by mail, post-paid. Purchasers' choice of splendid ever-blooming varieties.

5 FOR \$1.00. 12 FOR \$2.00.

See our elegant descriptive catalogue, containing full directions for culture, &c. Sent free to all who apply.

Address THE DINGE & CONARD CO.,

19—11 Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED To sell Ink Powder, 5

10—11 J. J. UNTERSINGER, 21st Ward, Cincinnati, O.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY

IS NOW OFFERED TO PURCHASE

A MACHINE BUSINESS,

Centrally located and in full operation. Lathes, Planers, Drill Press, Portable Forge, Milling Machine, Screw Machine, Shaper, &c. With a full line of taps, dies, reamers, mandrels, and special tools adapted to the manufacture of any light machinery.

MURRAY BACON,

623 Commerce St., Phila.

Stock of Hand Lathes, Foot Lathes, Wood Turners' Lathes, Fans, &c., also drawings and patterns for sale cheap.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

NINETY-EIGHTH EDITION.

Containing a complete list of all the towns in the United States, the Territories and the Dominion of Canada, having a population greater than 5,000 according to the last census, together with the names of the newspapers having the largest local circulation in each of the places named. Also a catalogue of newspapers, which are recommended to advertisers as giving greatest value in proportion to prices charged. Also, all newspapers in the United States and Canada printing over 5,000 copies each issue. Also, all the Religious, Agricultural, Scientific and Mechanical, Medical, Masonic, Juvenile, Educational, Commercial, Insurance, Real Estate, Law, Sporting, Musical, Fashion, and other special class journals; very complete lists. Together with a complete list of over 300 German papers printed in the United States. Also, an essay upon advertising; many tables of rates, showing the cost of advertising in various newspapers, and everything which a beginner in advertising would like to know.

Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
41 Park Row, New York.



FORESTALL SUMMER FEVERS

and all the complaints generated by excessive heat, by keeping the blood cool and bowels free with **Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient**, at once a most refreshing draught and the best of all regulating medicines.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



THE AUTUMN NUMBER OF VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, containing descriptions of Hyacinths, Tulips, Lillies and all Bulbs and Seeds for Fall Planting in the Garden, and for Winter Flowers in the house—Just published and sent free to all. Address

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

LADIES can make \$5 a day in their own city or town. Address ELLIS M'P'G Co., Waltham, Mass.

\$57.60 AGENTS PROFITS PER WEEK. Will prove it or forfeit \$500. New article just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 267 Broadway, New York.

WANTED Agents for the best-selling Prize Package in the world. It contains 45 sheets paper, 15 envelopes, golden Pen, Pen Holder, Pencil, patent Yard Measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with elegant prize, no t' paid, 25c. BRIDE & CO., 769 Broadway, N. Y.



IN STRENGTH AND PURITY
Superior to any other, therefore
MOST ECONOMICAL.

CONSTANTINE'S FINE TAR SOAP
FOR TOILET, BATH & NURSERY.
CURES SKIN & SCALP DISEASES
RESTORES HAIR & PREVENTS BALDNESS
SOLD BY GROCERS & DRUGGISTS.

AGENTS WANTED FOR DR. MARCH'S
NIGHT SCENES IN THE BIBLE,
And a magnificent NEW BOOK just from the press.
Address J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philada., Pa.

MISFIT CARPETS.

All sizes, English Brussels, Three-ply Ingrain, very cheap, at the old place,

112 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

LOOK AT THE RUINS!!

Aye! look at the ruins of what were once magnificent sets of teeth to be seen anywhere in society. Is it not marvellous that such destruction is permitted, when, by using that delightful dentifrice,

SOZODONT!

any teeth, however fragile, may be preserved from decay or blemish? There may have been some excuse for this havoc in days gone by, when there was no safeguard against dental decay in existence, but there is no apology now, as **SOZODONT** preserves the soundness of the teeth from youth to old age. Don't neglect to use this antiseptic dentifrice, as it not only makes the teeth glitter like pearls, but also purifies and sweetens the breath. One bottle will last six months.



NOW READY.

PHILADELPHIA AND ITS ENVIRONS.

A complete Guide to the city and its surroundings, including FAIRMOUNT PARK. Third edition. Revised and Enlarged, with 150 Illustrations. Royal 8vo. Paper Cover. 50 cents.

"It is elaborately and beautifully illustrated, and will be just the thing for the hundreds of thousands of people who will visit that city during the centennial anniversary."—*Chicago Tribune*.

* For sale by all Booksellers and Periodical Dealers, or will be sent by mail on the receipt of the price by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia.

Lippincott's Magazine.

Short Stories and Serial Novels by able and brilliant writers, Sketches of Travel, Essays and Narratives, Papers on Science and Art, Literary Criticism, Gossip concerning Persons of Note, Incidents of the Day, and other Novel and Amusing topics, together with PROFUSE ILLUSTRATIONS, all combine to render each issue of this periodical a most pleasing compendium of

THE CHOICEST READING.

Those who are desirous of providing for themselves and their families a fund of refined and delightful reading, embodying the productions of ripe and judicious thinkers, and of able and graceful writers, in almost every department of culture, should subscribe for

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

TERMS.—Yearly Subscription, \$4.00. Single Number, 35 cents. Liberal Clubbing Rates. SPECIMEN NUMBER mailed on receipt of 20 cents.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO, Publishers, Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN FARM JOURNAL

CONTAINS EACH MONTH

Sixteen Closely-Printed Pages,

For the Farmer, the Stock-Raiser, the Gardener, the Fruit-Grower and the Housewife.

More than half the contents are Original Matter, prepared especially for its columns.

25¢ Only seventy-five cents per year. Specimen copies free.

LOCKE & JONES,

Publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

LEWIS LADOMUS,
DIAMOND DEALER & JEWELER,
WATCHES, JEWELRY & SILVER WARE,
WATCHES AND JEWELRY REPAIRED,
802 Chestnut St., Phila.

A VERY LARGE STOCK OF
Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry

AND
SILVERWARE

Always on hand. Country orders solicited. Goods sent by mail or express to all parts of the United States.

WANTED.

The Wheeler & Wilson Mfg Co., of Philadelphia, are
desirous of securing

several good Agents, and very liberal inducements will be offered to thoroughly reliable men, who can furnish a Horse and Wagon. We are now prepared to supply the New Family, the New No. 6, and the New No. 7 Machines, and a choice of location and territory to work. This is a rare opportunity for energetic, industrious men to engage in profitable business without the investment of capital. Letters addressed, or parties calling on us, will receive immediate attention.

WHEELER & WILSON MFG CO.,

914 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

6-1 y.

1876

"The Household Magazine of America!"

1876

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE FOR THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE not only takes rank with the leading and most influential periodicals of the day, but claims to be, in its peculiar characteristics and varied departments, more thoroughly identified with the American people in their home and social life than any other magazine published.

It is not the rival or competitor of any other magazine—but stands alone in its peculiar sphere, character and work, and addresses itself to men and women of taste, culture and common sense; to those who have high purposes in life, and an interest in humanity. It not only goes into the homes of the People as a power for good, but as a pleasant companion and friend, interested in all that interests the household and ready to help, comfort, amuse, instruct, delight and cheer every one from the youngest to the oldest.

For the great Centennial Year, the Home Magazine will be more attractive than ever, as an earnest of this, the publishers offer the following rich programmes, as a part of what will appear in its pages.

EAGLESCLIFFE. By Mrs. JULIA C. E. DORE. A new serial story given by the author of "RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON," which has been pronounced the best American story given by any magazine during the year), will be commenced in the January number.

MIRIAM AND THE LOST SON LAIN DOWN. By T. C. ARTHUR, Author of "DEBORAH NORMAN; Her Work and Her Reward." This new serial will also be commenced in the January number.

THE STORY TELLER. This Department of the Home Magazine, which has always been exceedingly rich, will contain besides the above serials, a large number of fine stories from the pens of some of our best writers.

POTTSVILLE PAPERS. By HENRY ST. JOHN POTTS, Author of "The Story of Oliver Cromwell's War-bows," and "Tim Dragoon's Muskets." We need only announce this series of papers. Fisher's imitative and unique delineations of home-life and character are so well known to our readers that no word of commendation on our part is needed.

OLD HEARTH STONES AND THE TALES THEY TOLD. By ROSELLA RICE, Author of "The Cabins of the West." These articles will, like the first Pioneer Series, give life-like pictures of early times in the West.

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WORLD. By Mrs. E. E. DUFFY. These valuable and suggestive articles, from the pen of one whose ability, long experience, and observation, make her thoroughly competent to write on the subject, will treat of Woman's Work, studies, modes of thought and opportunities, and while showing how utterly impossible it is for her to succeed in the world without careful study and preparation, will indicate the way in which such needed preparation can be made.

THE GIRLS AT MILWOOD. By CHATTY BROOKS. Author of "MY GIRLS AND I." Under this title our fair young readers will be pleased to learn that "CHATTY" has promised to go on talking to them about their habits, manners and dress, and about their home duties and pleasures in her wise and pleasant way.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL LITERATURE. We shall continue to make this department one of special interest to our readers. It will be largely illustrated.

THE HOME CIRCLE. Here our readers and writers can still gather as of old in friendly talk. "LADIES" will be there, and "CHATTY BROOKS" and a host of pleasant people that we have no room to name.

THE MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT. Will be carefully selected, and have suggestive articles from thoughtful and experienced writers.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY. The young people, of course, will not be forgotten. Here they will always find something entertaining and useful.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS. This Department contains choice selections of poetry from the best authors. It has always afforded great pleasure to our readers.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT. To be full and practical as ever. Contributions from experienced housekeepers will appear.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATURAL HISTORY. We have in preparation some articles on Natural History to be largely and beautifully illustrated, and made attractive to all classes of readers, young and old.

CENTENNIAL NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS. The Home Magazine will have descriptions and pictorial illustrations of the great Centennial Exhibition to be held in Philadelphia during the year 1876.

BUTTERICK'S NEWEST PATTERNS FOR LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES. Children's Dresses are given every month. These are acknowledged to be the most practical and useful of any in the country, and as they are always accompanied with full descriptions of the garment, material to be used, etc., and the cost of pattern, so enabling every woman to be, if she chooses, her own dressmaker, our lady readers will see that, in this feature, our Magazine is rendered almost indispensable to the family. We give these patterns by special arrangement.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.—POSTAGE FREE.

1 Copy One Year	\$ 2.50	6 Copies one year, & one to get up of Club.	\$13.00
3 Copies	6.50	10	21.50

Specimens Numbers 15 Cents, in Currency or P. O. Stamps.

PREMIUMS TO CLUB MEMBERS. We have had engraved on steel a very choice and elegant picture representing Queen Elizabeth at the moment when about to sign the death warrant of her cousin Mary Stuart. It is a picture of great merit, and treated with unusual skill and vigor, being one of the finest we have had engraved. A copy of this beautiful picture will be mailed as a premium to every person who sends us 5 vols. of subscribers; 10 cents to be remitted for cost of mailing.

Any subscriber who may desire to possess this elegant engraving, can have it at the nominal price of 50 cents.

REMITTANCES. Send Post-office order or draft on Philadelphia, New York or Boston. If you cannot get a Post-office order or draft, then, have your letter registered.

To ADVERTISERS. As the Home Magazine circulates largely in all parts of the United States, it offers one of the best general Advertising Mediums in the country.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON,

No. 1120 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia, Penna.